LLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. ASKS:
ld We Lock Up Dope Addicts?

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MARCH 22, 1966

# NATIONAL REVIEW

*A Journal of Fact and Opinion*

## In this issue:

## HOW THE COMMUNISTS

## KILL an Enemy
**EUGENE LYONS**

## SUBVERT a Continent
**PIETER LESSING**

## WRECK Their Own Economy
**LLIAM TRIVOLI**

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### Also In This Issue:

**ALEC WAUGH STILL LIKES TANGIER, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY ♦ KENNER OBJECTS TO OLIVIER'S OTHELLO ♦ KIRK SUGGESTS WHAT ENCYCLOPEDIA TO BUY ♦ ALSO HUXLEY, MOLNAR, DAVENPORT**

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## *In This Issue . . .*

➔ The Communists, Virginia, exist. Of the two best-known varieties, the Pekingese play the part of unholy international aggressor, while the Muscovites are concerned mainly to pursue the domestic tranquility, like unto ourselves. Or so the contemporary political fabulists would have us believe. In reality, China generally prefers revolution from below; Russia, takeovers from above, and even in Africa where, says **Pieter Lessing,** the two colossi contend most hatefully, our enemy's enemy is not George Kennan's friend. Mr. Lessing is a South African-born British author, journalist and broadcaster. . . . From friendly, post-Stalinist Moscow, orders go forth for the execution of anti-Soviet leaders, wherever they may be. **Eugene Lyons**, author of the best-selling *The Red Decade* and other classic anti-Communist texts, tells the story of the agent who murdered the Ukrainian patriot Stefan Bandera—a young man to whom the world of Ian Fleming must seem well-traveled territory. . . . Well, aren't the Russians at least going capitalist? Well, are they? The question is answered by **G. William Trivoli,** Assist. Professor of Economics at Gettysburg College, Pa.

➔ With his delightful tale of two seaports (p. 272) **Alec Waugh** becomes *NR*'s travel columnist, and the third member of one of Britain's most distinguished writing families to contribute to these pages. The author of over a dozen novels and a half-dozen books of travel reporting, Mr. Waugh is probably best known for *Island in the Sun, Love and the Caribbean,* and *In Praise of Wine.* . . . **Barbara Vaccariello** is a California housewife who, having made a study of the latest radio-TV phenomenon, the talk show, knows exactly what she would do if *she* had a hammer. This is her first published piece. . . . The Philadelphia Society, the conservative forum most like the O.K. Corral, reconvened recently in Chicago. We asked **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** columnist, critic and editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* to report. . . . This week's African coup prompts **Elspeth Huxley** to a summing up of Kwame Nkrumah and an educated guess about his successors—military men of the stripe who are coming to dominate African Affairs. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** contends that isolating drug addicts is a measure the state needs to take in order to prevent the spread of a disease as contagious as leprosy.

➔ It's Insider's Night in the book section, as **Thomas Molnar** reviews Russell Kirk, **Garry Wills** reviews Guy Davenport, and the same **Guy Davenport** reviews a batch of the new fiction. Professor Molnar has just returned from South Africa and will have a book about it. Professor Wills is with the Classics Department of Johns Hopkins. As for Professor Davenport, see Professor Wills. . . . . Going farther afield, **Pyrrho,** who shadows the great in Washington, finds two books on the Cold War, one good, one bad. . . . It's Olivier's rather than Shakespeare's Othello in the movie of the London stage production. **Hugh Kenner** carves. ➔




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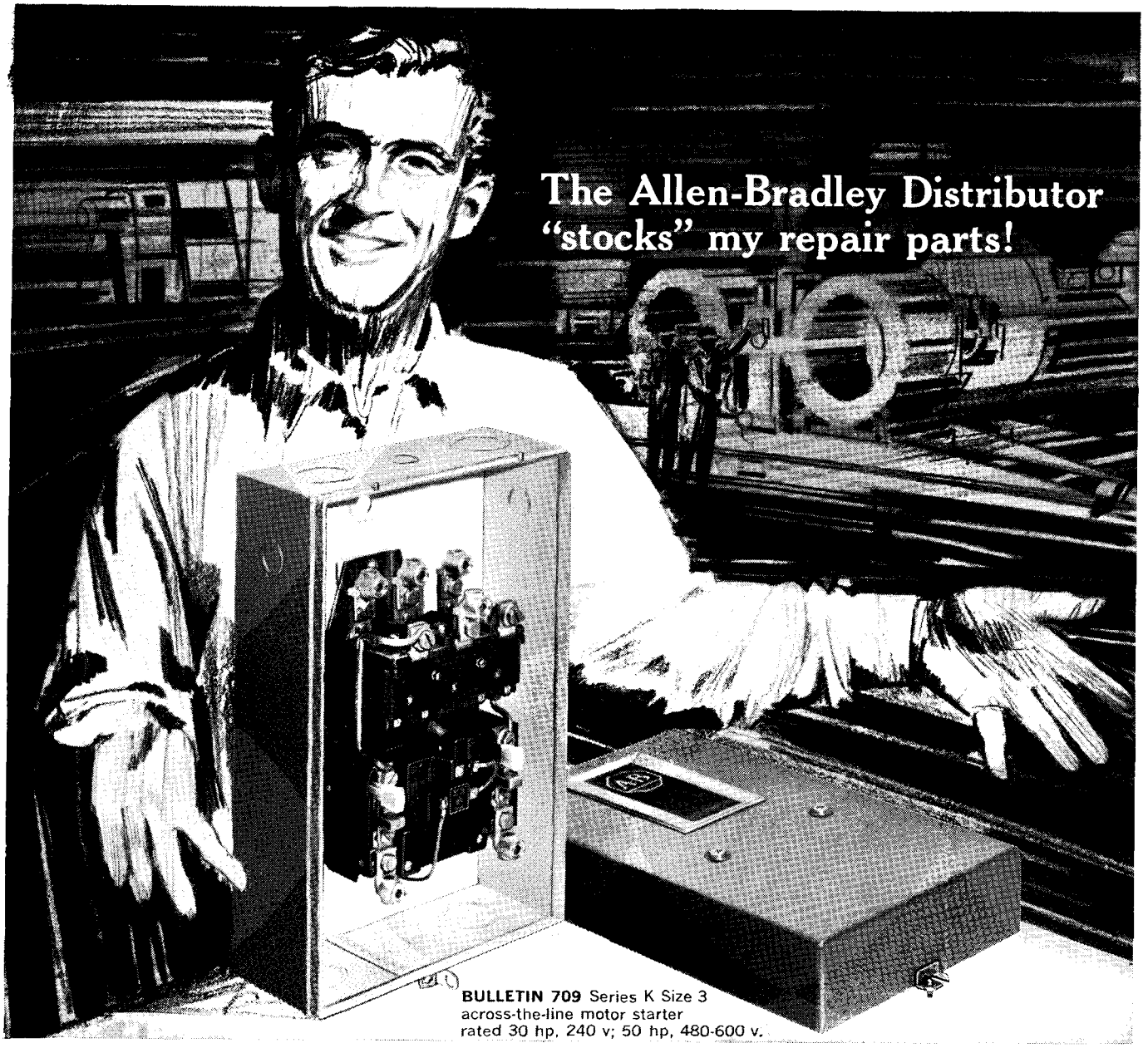


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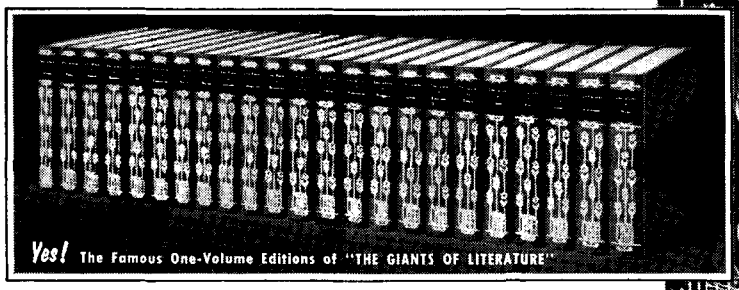


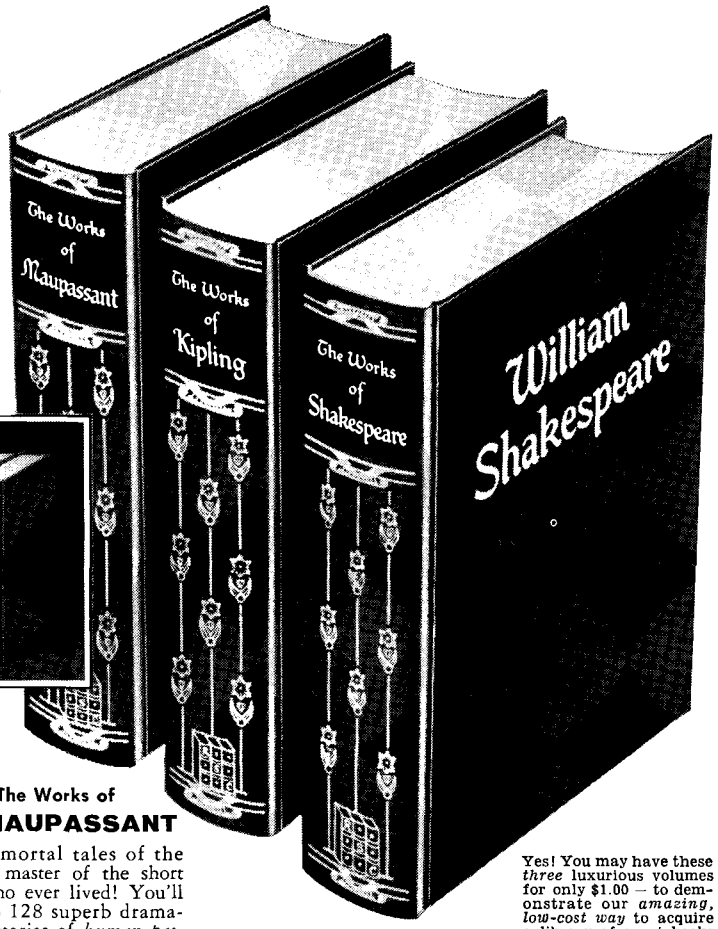


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# TO THE EDITOR

### *Kenner on Keaton*

Many a long day and year will have disappeared into the far horizon before anything at once so beautiful and so poignant as Hugh Kenner on Buster Keaton [Feb. 22] will be written. Indeed, Keaton himself surpassed ordinary variety. He was an outrageously funny parody on the human condition. The essay is up to its subject: no mean achievement.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES M.D.
*St. Petersburg, Fla.*

### *Kansas—1966*

Although "Politics—1966" [Feb. 22] was excellent, Edward J. Bell made one slight mistake in calling Kansas Rep. Robert F. Ellsworth a "Liberal." His voting record over the years has been most conservative and has earned him an ACA rating some points higher than his senatorial counterpart, James Pearson. I can hardly see why conservatives would lose were he to challenge Sen. Pearson in the primary.

*Hartsdale, N.Y.* GREG R. MALONE

### *More on Karl Barth*

After reading Jeffrey Hart's reply to my criticism of his treatment of Karl Barth in the issue of last Dec. 28 ["To the Editor," Feb. 22] I can only conclude that perhaps even the Devil can quote Barth to suit his own purposes. Mr. Hart mentions the *hic et nunc* of Barth's statement and ignores his reference to Pilate and to concrete, earthly history; he quotes Barth's *Epistle to the Romans* and *Ressurection of the Dead*, two early works, and makes no allowances for Barth's own self-criticism and theological development; he fails to recognize that Barth's attempt to "see through and beyond" Biblical history is also made by Augustine, Anselm, Thomas, and any theologian who is more than a strict literalist; and if he fails to give history its due for "long stretches of his commentary" the same is true of the theology and exegesis of those religious thinkers.

As for the charge of "concealed docetism": Barth has been accused of "crypto-Catholicism," "fundamentalism," and "unorthodox Calvinism" as well. Perhaps I should have mentioned that the *Dogmatics* from which I quoted was written in 1947, some 25 years after the second edition of *Epistle to the Romans*, and that Barth makes his position concerning the Easter narrative clear (and it is not what Mr. Hart says it is) in that same work.

*Ithaca, N.Y.* THOMAS WERGE

**(Continued on p. 246)**



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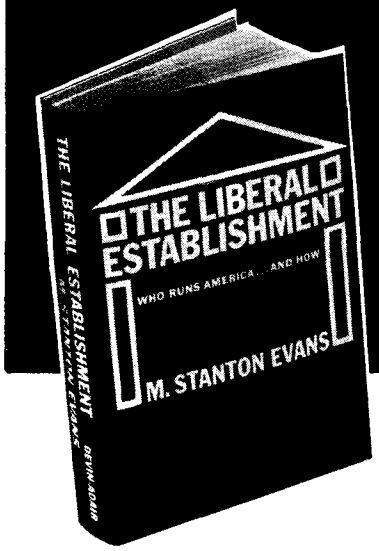


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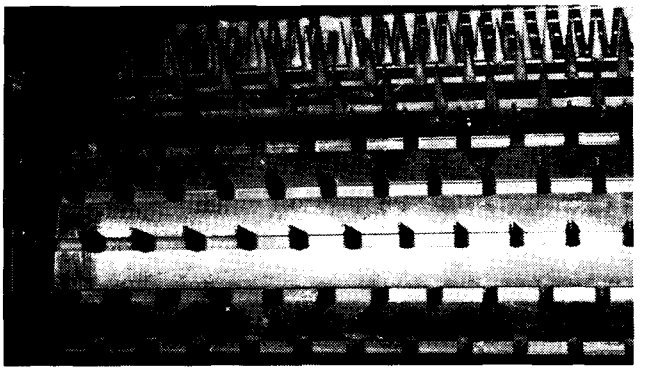

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## TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 244)

Professor Hart's insight on Barth, though unpopular, is exactly right. Barth and the whole school of "positive" or "neo-orthodox" theology are fond of talking about the concrete nature of the Biblical events. But Barth, after all his Teutonic distinctions between *Geschichte* and *Historie*, concludes that the great events of the New Testament are not historic in the usual English sense of the word; and while one encounters the "Word of God" in the Bible, one can never say of any Biblical passage, "This is God's Word." One must always make some qualification, such as "God's Word for me." Barth's positive statements put him head-and-shoulders above his Liberal predecessors as far as his Christian *heart* is concerned, but the fact that every positive statement always contains a fatal reservation or qualification means that it is always very hard to stop with Barth, and that in the lives of his individual students as with Protestant theology in general, to begin with Barth usually means to end with Bultmann, or beyond.

*Vienna* DR. HAROLD O. J. BROWN

***Vietnam Strategy, Continued***

Much as I respect James Burnham's judgment in international affairs, I must protest his analysis of the Vietnam situation ["Gen. Gavin's Trilemma," Feb. 22]. There is at least a fourth alternative to the three posed by Gen. Gavin, and I would suspect, a fifth, a sixth, etc.; and several of these are both attractive and do not include "fairly radical jump[s]." It is perhaps trivial to point out that the war in Vietnam is primarily a contest for the free assent of its citizens to some viable government, and that once this is attained, the present kind of war will end. North Vietnam and China may choose to continue it under some other guise; but they will then be forced *openly* to invade the South, and it will be *they*, not the United States, who must face the choice of whether or not to escalate.

Internal or revolutionary war is primarily a contest of will power. The peasant of Vietnam, much like most citizens of countries without a strong national tradition, wants most to be left alone. The Communists will not leave him alone, and it is fairly obvious to all concerned that the Communists have no intention of abandoning their attempt to conquer the entire country. Consequently, until the peasantry are convinced that the United States means to stay, and will stay for a hundred years if necessary, there is little incentive for anyone to incur the wrath of the Vietcong by supporting the Government. The situation recalls to mind some of the episodes in the Algerian war, in which whole dis-



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cts went over to the FLN when the pulation became convinced that no one the French Government or Army could finitely promise that the French pres- ce was permament. The act of sealing South Vietnam [which aparently must done on the ground, and in Laos, not etnam] will itself help immeasurably driving home the message that we are re to stay; but it will not accomplish task if the population and Army of etnam become convinced that the U.S. faced with the alternatives of with- awal or atomic war. Few people, here in Saigon, believe that the U.S. would, der those circumstances, choose to use nuclear weapons.

Fortunately, however, that is not re- ired. China's "Ruhr" is separated from battle area by about the same dis- ace as St. Louis is from Panama; and same kind of terrain lies between nchuria and Hanoi. Even without U.S. ikes at Chinese transport lines, the ocess of bringing significant amounts war matériel down through China is redibly expensive; and it must be arly heartbreaking to watch half of it destroyed by a U.S. bomber after it ives. In the Korean War, the Chinese t a fantastic proportion of her rolling ck; and of course, the collapse of the nsport net was the major contributing

**(Continued on p. 287)**


# NATIONAL REVIEW

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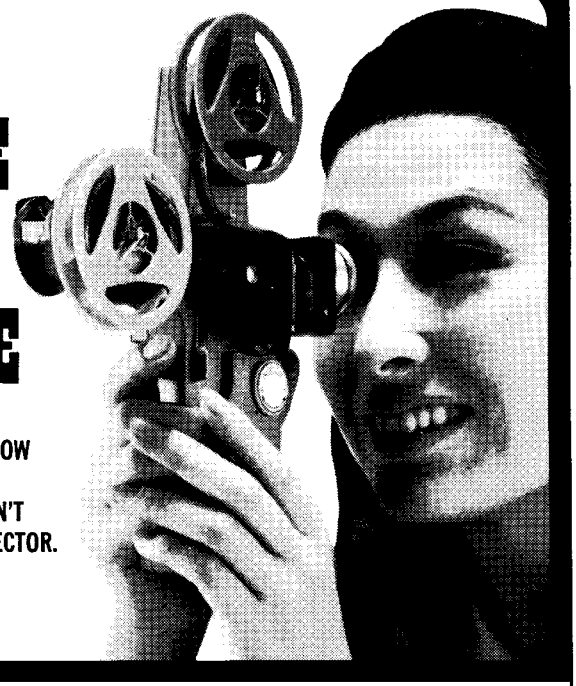

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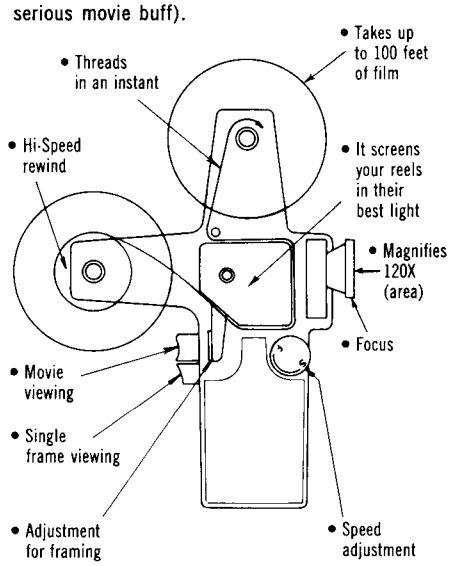
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**This triangle marks the Krona Comfort Edge–only Schick has it. The edge is the working part of a razor blade. The more perfect the edge, the better the shave.**

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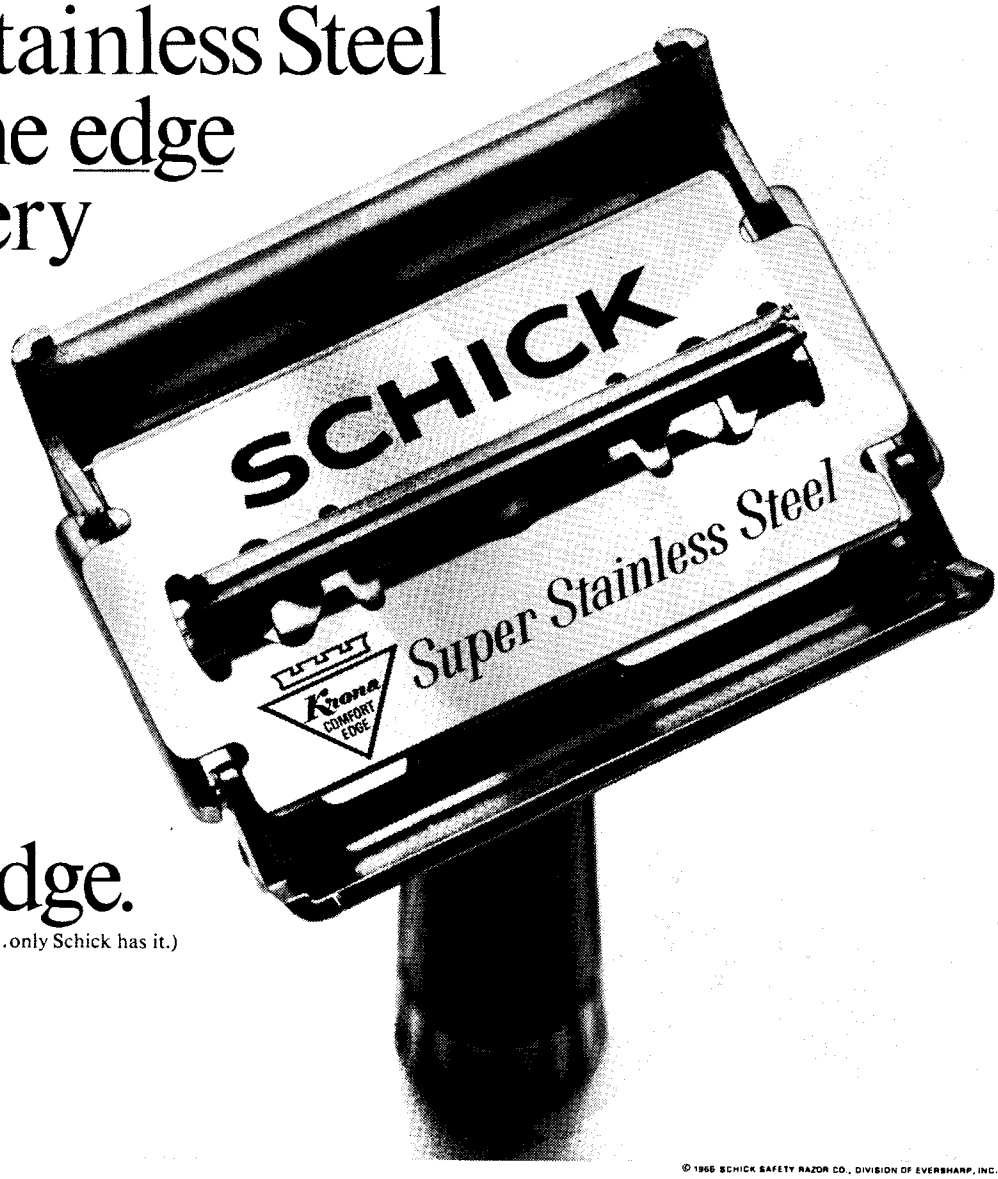


# The edge.

(The Krona Comfort Edge...only Schick has it.)

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# The WEEK

How about self-determination for Ireland, now iat Britain's only got a half-Nelson on her?

Legislatively, there is utter confusion regarding ie chances of Home Rule in this session of Congress. ast year the Senate District Committee (including nservative Peter Dominick) unanimously approved measure providing immediate Home Rule, and it assed the Senate with the customary lopsided margin ven Home-Rule bills in that body. The House kept ie Senate's bill (S. 1118) but substituted the proosals for Rep. Sisk for a "temporary" charter form government as a transition to complete Home Rule. his passed the House, and the measure is now restig once again in the Senate Finance Committee. ome Home-Rule opponents see the watered-down ersion as better than the real thing, and some Homeule advocates are willing to accept it as better than othing, but Sen. Wayne Morse is talking filibuster. ombine threats of boycott and filibuster with the ide divergence between the Senate and House verons, in a year when congressmen are anxious to et home, and it looks like Freedom Later for the istrict of Columbia.

The California State Supreme Court ruled 6 to 1 ecently that a statewide referendum in November 964 banning pay-TV in California was unconstitutonal (thus affirming the decision handed down in *R*, Sept. 22, 1964). But Sylvester L. Weaver Jr., ho had raised $21 million to finance his experiental subscription TV service in the San Franisco and Los Angeles areas, now reports that his ompany—not surprisingly, given the ban—filed a etition for voluntary bankruptcy more than a year go shortly after suspending operations. There's one ay of hope for Sylvester, however. He has a $117 illion damage suit pending against the theater owners in California who backed the proposition that ut Mr. Sylvester and his stockholders out of business.

New York's Mayor Lindsay has decapitated the olice department. In ten weeks he has fired the ommissioner, Vincent Broderick; Chief Inspector ohn Shanley; Chief of Staff William McQuade; hief of Detectives Philip Walsh. Last week Mr. roderick, with the full approval of two of his preecessor Commissioners, assailed Lindsay for politicalizing the police department. Lindsay was sick in bed and made no attempt to reply. The city, and the police, were just plain sick.

● NATO is an alliance, not a string of bilateral agreements, and any changes in its organization must be discussed by all fifteen members. Thus did President Johnson briefly, pointedly, and most edifyingly decline President de Gaulle's invitation to a series of two-nation talks about how France might acquire sole control over NATO elements in her territory and airspace. The French president's aversion to joint military commands, on grounds of inconsonance with French sovereignty, is bound to exacerbate the organizational crisis, but we welcome this early assurance that de Gaulle is not to be *la queue* that wags *le chien.*

● When it was reported that Victor Kravchenko, the Soviet defector who wrote *I Chose Freedom* after doing same in 1944, had committed suicide in Manhattan a couple of weeks ago, Sen. Thomas Dodd expressed doubts about the verdict. As vice chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, Dodd has investigated a number of mysterious deaths of enemies of the Soviet state. His hunch on the Kravchenko case was that, inasmuch as "political murder of Soviet refugees and of non-Soviet citizens has been systematically carried out by a special planning apparatus of the Kremlin," it could have happened again. Dodd's committee's findings on the reported suicide, in a New York park, of Povl Bang-Jensen, the UN official who refused to divulge the names of Hungarian freedom fighters to a UN secretariat that included Soviet staff members, were that "there are too many solid arguments, too many unanswered questions, too many serious reasons for suspecting Soviet motivation and the possibility of Soviet implication" to accept the "finding of suicide." The death of Gen. Walter Krivitsky, another defector, whose body was found in a Washington hotel room in 1941 with a bullet in the head and a pistol by his side, was put down at first as a suicide; subsequent evidence has tended to substantiate claims that he, too, was a victim of foul play. In this issue, Eugene Lyons (see p. 259) recounts the murder of two anti-Soviet Ukrainian nationalists in West Berlin in the late 1950s, as detailed in a report by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that no one much has thought to publicize. It not only can happen here; it sometimes does.

● Whatever malicious sprite it was that settled on the title, "Organization of African Unity," must be chortling tonight. The gleaming modernistic House of the OAU stands proudly in Addis Ababa. Its secretariat bustles about doing whatever secretariats do.



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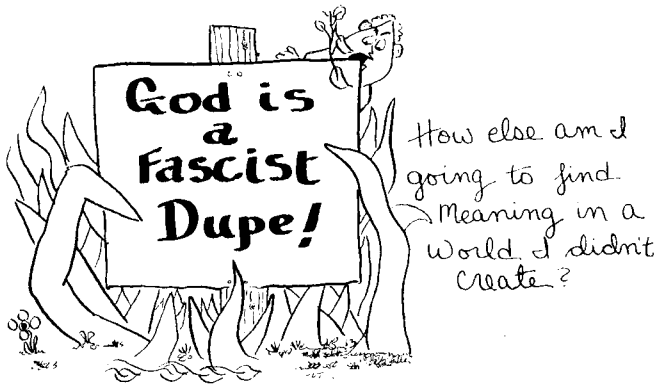


But the member nations seem to be having trouble digging the unity bit. The last previous meeting of the OAU, in 1965, was boycotted by a half-dozen or more states of the French Community, their leaders being understandably huffy over attempts by guerrillas trained in Ghana, Tanzania, and points East to overthrow their governments. In the meeting concluded just a week ago 1) Guinea, Mali, Tanzania, Egypt, and Kenya walked out when the OAU voted to seat the new Ghanaian delegate, and 2) Algeria and Somalia withdrew because the remaining states toned down their anti-Rhodesian threats from blood and thunder to simple blood. Somalia might have been feeling uneasy in Ethiopia anyway; there's a border war been going on between the two for some while now. Ethiopia, you may recall, was the peacemaker in a flareup between Algeria and Morocco a couple of years ago. Morocco, of course, did not attend the 1964 meeting because Addis Ababa . . . or was it? . . . well, some nations in the group recognized Mauritania which Morocco of course claims. It's all so very, very disrupting.

● "Bamako, Mali, March 7 (AP)—Former President Nkrumah of Ghana and President Touré of Guinea arrived here today on a surprise visit to President Modibo Keita. Mali officials, asked what the two visitors would be doing here, replied, 'You'll see.'" If Nkrumah is made honorary President of Mali tomorrow, we give up. Come to think of it, we give up anyway.

● From a *New York Times* interview with Ghana's former Foreign Minister Alex Quaison-Sackey, quasi-sacked in the recent coup: "I sat for years in the UN defending Ghana against attacks that Nkrumah was conducting subversion. And now that he's gone we know of the guerrilla training camps here and we know the accusations from brother African states were true. . . . There is so much we can do now that that man is gone." More than you know, Alex, more than you know.

● Where's Soapy? He's just been located at the business end of a "Dear Soapy" letter.

## *The Winding Line of LBJ*

Lyndon Johnson has carried over from Congress to the White House what seems to be a basic rule of his political style: never to take the straight line between two political points. Not only does he constantly swerve, retreat, shift, weave, zig and zag; often he moves simultaneously in two opposing, even contrary, directions. He ordered a resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam at the same moment he asked



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# Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The vote on Senator Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment on legislative reapportionment promises to be a real cliffhanger. Last year Dirksen failed by seven votes to receive the required two-thirds in the Senate; this year an aide claims he is within three votes of success. Most forecasts are that the proposal will fail again, one reason being that two-thirds of the states have already reapportioned their legislature in conformance with the Supreme Court's decision. Dirksen's aides reply that these states have just as much at stake in the amendment as those that haven't reapportioned, since it gives them the freedom to revise their legislature in the future. Indeed, the first legislature reapportioned by the courts was Oklahoma's, yet the first act of its revised membership was to petition Congress for this constitutional amendment.

◆ Not to be confused with legislative reapportionment is congressional redistricting, which is in a similar state of confusion. Since the Supreme Court's "one-man, one-vote" decision (*Wesberry* v. *Sanders*) in 1964, 21 states have revised the boundaries of their congressional districts, and more are likely to do so by the congressional elections this year. But there is no ruling or guideline as to what deviations of population between districts are permissible, and already two states have been redistricted by judicial fiat rather than legislative action. To reassert the congressional prerogative, the House last year passed HR 5505, which set the allowable differential at 15 per cent, and said districts must be composed of "compact and contiguous" territory. A year has passed, the measure remains bottled in the Senate Judiciary Committee, and confusion reigns triumphant in the states, the courts, and the capital.

◆ "Repeal 8(a)(3)" will replace "Repeal 14(b)" as the new battle cry, if the highly-respected National Right to Work Committee has anything to say about it. Section 8(a)(3) is that section of Taft-Hartley which sanctions the union shop in states that do not have right-to-work laws, and the Committee is about to take the offensive and call for its repeal. It will have no help from House Labor Subcommittee chairman Frank Thompson Jr. (D., N.J.), who wants a "review in depth" of Taft-Hartley and its administration—that is, all except 8(a)(3). To the Right to Work Committee's request for an appearance at the proposed hearings, he replied frostily that "if there are two sections of the Act about which we do not need more testimony, they are certainly section 8(a)(3) and section 14(b)." The Committee noted in turn that it has never testified on 8(a)(3), and renewed its request. The Committee also is looking for a good case with which to attempt to outlaw compulsory unionism via the 9th Amendment. Justice Black has indicated that that amendment holds great potential for asserting the principle of voluntarism.

◆ The Federal Housing Administration is facing stormy weather. A new comptroller general's report lashes the way FHA handled a Houston retirement project that was in financial hot water even before it was built. The report notes that FHA has insured the mortgages of 254 retirement projects, out of which 24 have defaulted and an additional nineteen are unable to meet mortgage payments. As of last fall, FHA was stuck with 22 projects, which had been insured for $44.3 million. The report circumvents the question of whether there has been laxity, politics or graft, but the answer should be apparent soon. The investigation was undertaken at the behest of Senate sleuth John Williams (R., Del.), the man largely responsible for bringing the Bobby Baker case to light.

◆ American flyers operating over North Vietnam have developed such successful evasive tactics against Russian-made SAM missiles that the Pentagon is quietly re-evaluating our entire Nike air defense system. Whenever American pilots spot one of the "telephone poles" taking off, they jam their planes into a vertical dive. The SAMs are bamboozled by jets rocketing toward the earth, and sail harmlessly by in almost all instances. The American jets then have time to complete their missions and get out before more SAMs can be loaded and fired. Both visual sightings and electronic gear help pilots spot the SAMs the moment they are fired, thus giving them time to start their dive.

**—CATO**

---

the UN to make peace in Vietnam. Last week he concentrated direction of all foreign operations of the government, except for active military operations, under a Department of State headed by the man who in the recent Senate hearings put forward the firmest, most hawk-like view that found voice there on Vietnam and—still more strikingly—on the confrontation with China. As administrative head of the inter-departmental committee that will direct the coordinated affairs he simultaneously named George Ball, who has consistently advised a dove-like moderation. To complete the amalgam, his Press Secretary announced agreement with opinions put forward in the hearings by the moderate dove, General James (enclave) Gavin and the extremist dove, George Kennan, who cooed frantically for instant withdrawal. (The President follows the same stylistic rule, as many have noted, in his domestic actions, most notoriously in the incredibly devious moves that precede major appointments.)

What lies back of this indirection? Partly, it is Mr. Johnson's way of securing the broadest possible



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spectrum in that "consensus" which he so passionately desires in support of his policies. Partly, by obscuring the target, it is a device to avoid or checkmate the criticism that he so passionately dislikes. Partly, he wants to keep open as long as possible a maximum of options: when you complete your move by straight line to B from A, you have foreclosed an infinity of alternate points you *might* have picked. Partly, he seeks to confuse his trail and to achieve surprise in the event—as he has often done. Confuse and surprise *whom*, though? It is a fine thing to confuse and surprise the enemy, but it is a more doubtful result when you also confuse your own officers and your troops. After a while the enemy pays no more attention, and goes about his business. It is your own troops who continue confused.

This is now increasingly the situation with respect to the Vietnam war. The President is no longer expanding his consensus—as is proved by the open rebellion of such a pillar of the Establishment as Senator Fulbright. The obscuring of the targets becomes itself an additional object of a public criticism that is being sharpened, not muted. Mr. Johnson's range of options is being progressively narrowed by the inertia of events quite independently of his subjective wish to keep all possibilities open. Two hundred thousand men in the field, a thousand bomb-carrying planes, automatically close a good many doors. And the general public, which has time and again shown its willingness to follow and support a clear, firm lead, is left stranded in confusion. If Rusk was speaking for the President, how can a responsible leader appoint Ball to head the coordinating committee? If the President is against withdrawal and capitulation, how can his spokesman fail to reject Kennan? If the government means to make war, why should it demoralize its soldiers and allies by talking all the time about making peace on virtually any terms? The public begins to wonder whether the President may not be maneuvering for maneuvering's sake, whether he may not keep zig-zagging back and forth merely because he has himself no idea where he wants to go. Keeping all the options open forever is, after all, the same thing as never making up your mind. There is one thing about taking the straight line: you may end up in the wrong place, but at any rate you'll get *somewhere*.

### *Confused*

Dear Mr. Humphrey:
I'm confused.
To put it bluntly, sir: I'm used
To coloring you ADA—
But now you're Lyndon's protegé,
Your talking's teetered toward the Right.
May I assume you've seen the light?
I *hope* so. Golly, when I heard
You labeled Bobby's blast "absurd,"
I nearly dropped an inlay! . . . Still,
Not long ago you made me ill.
Then there's that columnist who says
You'd tell on *mommy*, to be Prez.
(You say the s.o.b. was boozed?)
Do clear this up, please.
(Signed) "Confused"

W. H. VON DREELE

## *Politics: Spring Warm-Up*

ALABAMA: With 11,000 Dallas County Negroes registered to vote for the first time (12,000 whites are on the books), former Selma public safety director Wilson Baker expects strong Negro support in his Democratic primary battle against Sheriff Jim Clark on May 10. Unfavorable legislative reapportionment as well as the registration surge threaten segregationist State Senator Walter Givhan with a vigorous challenge from young white Liberal David Ellwanger. He is the brother of the Rev. Joseph Ellwanger of Birmingham, who figured prominently in the Selma demonstration a year ago.

CALIFORNIA: Surprised and pleased conservatives welcome notice that widely esteemed Lyn Nofziger will serve Ronald Reagan as campaign press aide. Copley Newspapers correspondent—and master punster—Nofziger had declined previous invitations to sign up.

MICHIGAN: Assistant Secretary of State and former top Democratic vote-getter G. Mennen Williams may face stiff primary competition from Detroit mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh before he gets the chance to try out the old lotion on a new crop of voters. Soapy hasn't been on a ballot in eight years, but his pro-Administration Vietnam policy is drawing enthusiastic crowds on the stump and he has AFL-CIO endorsement, as well as a promise of UAW support in a primary fight.

TEXAS: The Committee on Political Education (COPE) of AFL-CIO, which has expressed "disappointment" with the Great Society and repudiated conservative Democrats Governor John B. Connally Jr. and Attorney General Waggoner Carr, may start a third party for Liberal Texans. Disruption of the eighteen-year political alliance with LBJ reflects displeasure with conservative-dominated state Democratic Party. Labor's post-poll tax registration drive is on. Goal: one million new Liberal registrants (largely Negro and Mexican-American) on the books by March 17—and it may support Ronnie Dugger, an independent, for the Senate, a move widely interpreted as likely to enhance the re-election prospects of conservative Republican Sen. John G. Tower who promises labor only a fair deal, and nothing more.



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*What is the truth behind the headlines about* National Review's *amazing growth?*

# READ THIS REAL LIFE TRUE CONFESSION

## TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF NATIONAL REVIEW

**THIS IS THE FILE CABINET**

**. . . in which true story of NR's growthsmanship was finally uncovered. Hastily-planted posters are attempt to cover up evidence.**

Many people think that the NR story has been one big, steady rise. *This is not true.* Take our word for it.

The *real* story is an *untold* one of ups, followed by downs, and *vice versa.* (One publishing official of a rival magazine has described NR as a "veritable *den* of vice versa.") Here are the actual facts: what happened, when, and *how.*

One of the best-kept secrets in NR history is the fact that the magazine began *with no subscribers at all.* This has *never been denied* by any responsible official *in or out* of NR!

Even after the magazine started publishing, in November, 1955, it could boast of *only about 8,000 copies sold.* Higher figures are not to be believed (see box at right).

More than that, it took *five long years* to reach the original goal of just 30,000 paying customers!*

In spite of *this,* it took only two *more* years to top 60,000! That means circulation was roughly doubled *in 24 months!* This strange fact has *never* been satisfactorily explained — at least *not in public.*

Even *stranger* is this fact: last November, when NR claimed to have completed only ten years of publishing, its 10th Anniversary issue sold more than 100,000 copies! How was this possible? How was NR able, despite all predictions to the contrary, to make its circulation increase at such a pace — *and in spite of the fact that almost every increase was followed by a falling-off from the peak* (see chart on this page for dramatic proof of this statement)?

We went to work to uncover the real story. It wasn't easy! You've never *seen* such a record-keeping system. But patient and diligent work paid off, and we *got the truth.* Here it is — revealed for *first time anywhere*:

1) NR sold subscriptions to *almost anybody who wanted one.* This tactic itself was not revolutionary, but it surprised many conservatives.
2) The magazine somehow contrived to get itself *openly displayed for sale* on newsstands!
3) Finally — and this is the *real* secret — it *asked its own readers* to go out and get new readers!

There you have it at last — the *inside story* of how *National Review grew.* Our investigations prove conclusively that *its own readers are largely responsible!* No official has attempted to deny this. In fact, when presented with the evidence, one NR spokesman (who begged to remain anonymous) freely admitted the truth of our contention:

"Sure," he confided, "that's exactly how we did it. We ran ads right in the magazine — perhaps on a page very like the one you're now reading — and asked our readers to make *their* friends *our* friends. Boy, did they ever! I doubt that there is a *single* loyal reader who hasn't got at least *one* new reader for NR — and anyone who *hasn't* done it yet would use the card facing this page *today* to go *right out and do it.*"

If you find this brazen statement hard to believe, so do we. ("I don't *believe* it," exclaimed the secretary who typed this manuscript). *But there was more:* The same official admitted this startling truth:

"Not only couldn't we have *done* it without the help of our readers, but we *won't be able to keep growing* unless they remain 'partners in progress,' as you might say."

Did he think they would continue to help?

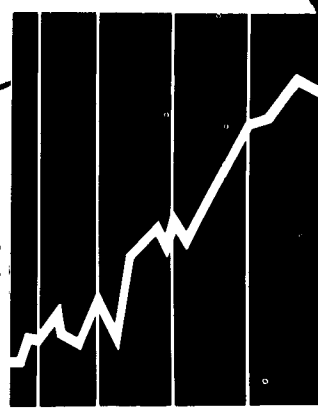
"Yes, I do. You see, we wouldn't mind falling back a little. But — it's a fact of political life — NR's rate-of-growth is often taken by, say, Liberals, as a barometer of the strength (or *weakness*) of American conservatism as a whole. So *we try harder,* so to speak."

**Will the *readers* try harder? On the answer to that vital question may depend the whole future of NR!**

### *Would you believe it?*

*("Would you believe 8,210?" an NR official — unnamed here for obvious reasons — asked our investigator. When our man flatly refused to accept the obviously inflated estimate, the official shamelessly tried again! "Would you believe 8,000-one-hundred and ten?" But our man was too smart for that.)*

*THIS SECRET CHART plainly shows negative aspects of NR's growth.*



*In all fairness, it must be admitted that, in those days (circa 1960), 30,000 was considered by some to be "tops" for an opinion magazine. Similar magazines — some of them in business 50 and even 75 years — couldn't maintain the 30,000 level. *However,* the cold, hard facts of NR's rise from that point *prove how false this idea really was!*

**Keep watching these pages for future chapters in "The Untold Story of NR"**

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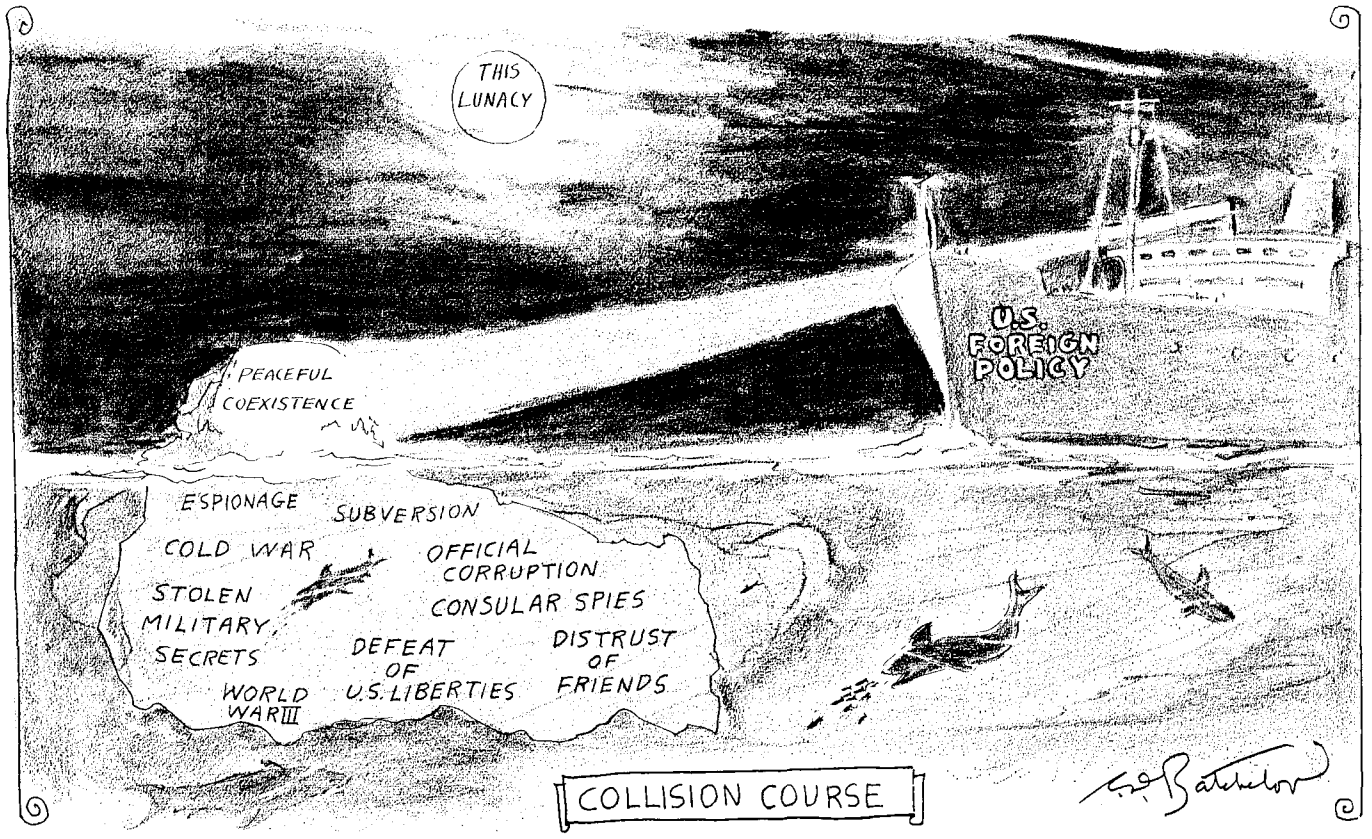
WEST VIRGINIA: The endorsement of both warring Democratic factions virtually ensures the election of former Republican John D. ("Jay") Rockefeller IV to the Kanawha County House of Delegates on May 10. The nephew of Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York and of Republican gubernatorial candidate Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas is making his first bid for public office. Observers of the 28-year-old anti-poverty counselor's campaign style expect it won't be his last.

## *Non-Proliferation Gambit Out of Moscow*

On January 27 the seventeen-nation disarmament conference—a seemingly permanent feature of the contemporary world — resumed deliberations in Geneva. Tsarapkin is on hand, as usual, for Moscow, and William C. Foster takes his practiced stance for Washington. This time the delegates, dropping for a while the proposal to extend the nuclear test ban treaty to underground tests, focus their attention on "nuclear non-proliferation." As usual, two rival treaty drafts—Soviet and American—are on the table; and, once more as usual, sharp debate has broken out over "verification"—which Washington always wants and Moscow always abhors, most particularly so far as its own territory is concerned.

It does seem rather late in the game to negotiate a non-proliferation treaty, now that one new nation after another is already getting its own nuclear arms, and the latest technical methods—all publicly known —can give any moderately advanced nation a modest nuclear weapons factory for 10 or 15 million dollars. A treaty is not going to induce France or China to junk the weapons they have or to halt production, nor are Israel and India going to close the facilities that may or may not be turning out weapons today. The truth is that a non-proliferation treaty will be effective in its formal purpose only in the case of those nations that either could not, or do not wish to, produce or acquire nuclear weapons. It might therefore be wondered what all the bother is about: what's the point in a treaty that won't do anything that wouldn't be done anyway?

There are, of course, a couple of gimmicks, and it is these that are the real points at issue. First, there is Tsarapkin's insistence on a clause by which all nuclear powers would pledge themselves not to use nuclear weapons against a non-nuclear nation: i.e., since the U.S. keeps its pledges, that the U.S. would not use nuclear weapons—even though these might be by far the most effective, economical and even humane application of U.S. power — against, say, North Vietnam or Cuba or a Middle Eastern or African Cuba of the future. Second, there is Tsarapkin's contention that "non-proliferation" must include a prohibition on the stationing as well as manufacture



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of nuclear weapons on the territory of non-nuclear nations: i.e., the removal of nuclear weapons from their NATO bases.

Third, and foremost, there is Tsarapkin's demand that the U.S. drop the idea of a Multilateral Nuclear Force or Atlantic Nuclear Force or any other plan for "nuclear sharing," and—we now reach the heart of the matter—of any nuclear role ever for West Germany. It is this last that Moscow above all seeks: an international guarantee that a non-Communist Germany shall never produce or possess or harbor nuclear weapons, or have any voice in the control and use of nuclear weapons; that Germany shall be clamped, in other words, within a nuclear Versailles Treaty, and given permanent status as a second-class nation.

Once more the U.S. pursues the abstractions—disarmament, peace, international law—while the Soviet Union, under the cover of the abstractions, pursues concrete strategic aims. There is no doubt that Moscow's case can be put persuasively. The pledge to non-nuclear nations is obviously attractive to those nations. France and Britain are much tempted, in spite of history, by the idea of a sterilized Germany. The text of Treaty No. II in the series that began with the Test Ban Treaty may quite possibly come out of the sessions this year or next. The odds that it will be, on net, helpful to the security and interests of the United States were never high, and are rapidly decreasing.

## The Perils of HR 10027

There is now before Congress a bill—HR 10027—that will, if passed, strike out the prohibition against "secondary boycotts" that is part of the Taft-Hartley Act. Secondary boycotts—of concern especially to the construction industry—occur when a strike by one union against one employer is transformed into a strike by all unions involved in the same project against all the employers, all the way back to the transportation firms, manufacturers, etc., though the other unions have no grievance of their own.

Given the multiplicity of employers at any construction site, an isolated labor dispute could, as a result of a secondary boycott, compel thousands of workers there (and at other projects engaging the contractor) to strike, even though they themselves were involved in no dispute whatever. Since the construction industry employs more than 15 per cent of the country's total labor force and contributes more than 15 per cent of the gross national product, what the removal of the present protection threatens for the industry and, by extension, the nation, passes belief. Hundreds of urgent defense projects might be affected. Negroes, especially, stand to suffer. Racial discrimination is common in the building trades unions, and the injunction against secondary boycott protects Negroes—and their employers—against reprisals from discriminatory unions. With 23 million man-days lost through strikes in 1965, this seems a particularly unfortunate time for the bosses of the building trades unions to attempt to foist this special interest bill on the people.

At the moment it doesn't appear that there's much chance of stopping HR 10027 in the House; those who should have been alert to its dangers were caught napping. But it could be stopped in the Senate if enough steam is generated against it by the public—the same kind of steam that encouraged the Dirksen campaign that stopped repeal of 14(b).

## Inflation?

After two weeks of dizzily dropping stock prices, Wall Street showed signs of turning to inflation for reassurance. The game is played as follows. Take note that the Johnson Administration is heading straight towards a large federal deficit. Call the deficit "inflationary." Assume that an inflation makes all prices rise, including stock prices. Take, therefore, cheerful thought for the morrow, and Invest.

Certainly the game is plausible. The deficit is certain, and prices are boiling, what with recent increases posted in steel, shoes, tires, television sets, caustic soda, copper, pork, and dozens of other items from commodities to finished manufactures. There is a side-effect on our international balances: the National Association of Purchasing Agents has reported that fully one-fourth of its members are shopping around overseas for items that seem to be pricing themselves out of business on the home front.

But is it all that simple? Whether a deficit is inflationary or not depends, actually, on how it is financed. If it is funded by bonds sold to investors who would otherwise have left their cash in a savings account, then the structure of the nation's credit is altered but there is no change at all in the stock of "money" (currency plus "demand deposits"—i.e. checking accounts). What with the cash generated through corporate depreciation accounts, business profits, and individual savings, a federal deficit of well over $50 billion would not, in and of itself, cause inflation—if it were financed in this way.

Indeed, perhaps something like that has been going on. During 1965 investment-type assets of the commercial banking system increased by 8 per cent, but at the same time the savings-type liabilities increased even faster—by 14 per cent. There was, accordingly, a palpable deflation during 1965. One inflation index, that of the American Institute for Economic Research, has now declined to the lowest level since 1954. The



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deflation appears to have been distributed unevenly. Whereas some prices are boiling, others have slumped: the capital withdrawn from capital markets has led to a horrible slippage in bond prices, so that U.S. Government obligations now yield almost 5 per cent. The municipal bond market is similar: in one recent week, ten municipal governments decided to postpone bond issues they had on the docket. They simply were not prepared to pay the going price of money.

With the Federal Government predictably in the market to borrow still more funds to finance the coming deficit; with the labor supply almost fully employed; with productive capacity bumping the upper limits of efficiency if not of total output (last week Jones & Laughlin closed down its nail production because of foreign competition); with strong competition from high foreign interest rates; with a banking structure that is acknowledged to be highly vulnerable to a self-accelerating deflation (*cf.* the California mortgage market);—in such a situation the easy forecast of continued "inflation" and a further grand rise in the price level seems oversimplified, to say the least.

## *A Bunch of DuBois Were Whooping It Up . . .*

The Bwas Club of America is receiving lots of complaints from people who think it is the Communist front the Attorney General wants to have registered by the Subversive Activities Control Board. The Communists are encouraging the confusion, says Richard Nixon, and so the next thing you know, the Right Wing will run amok, shredding Indian beadwork and scattering bottlecap collections from coast to coast.

After that the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs will issue a proclamation charging the A.G. with reckless McCarthyite smearing of the innocent, having already charged him with "unleash[ing] the John Birch Society, the Goldwaterites, the [N.Y.] *Daily News*, the KKK types, the police and various stripes of hoodlums" who blew up their headquarters in San Francisco and traded blow for blow with Club members in the streets of Brooklyn. The A.G. will retreat. In the meantime, two homosexual fencing instructors will have been flushed in Duluth, and the Right Wing, including the variously striped hoodlums whom the A.G. has at his disposal, will go berserk again. Andy Griffith will head a Clean Up Our Gyms Committee. Andy Griffith will become the A.G.

Under cover of this thunderball, the DuBois Clubs will fold, its lawyers will engage the government in endless litigious delays, it will never register, but it will emerge, in the fall semester of 1967, under a new name. Twenty-two times in the past the government has cited a Communist front under the Subversive Activities Control Act, and twenty-two times it has failed to produce a registration. This will be the twenty-third.

Note: only the third paragraph of this editorial may be held up to the light. All the rest, including what Richard Nixon said, is fantasy.

## *Admiral Chester Nimitz, RIP*

Admiral Nimitz was not only the great hero of his time, but also one of the most inspiring leaders that the world has ever known.

He had all the characteristics for a great naval leader. His profound knowledge of naval warfare based not only on his own experience, but a deep study of history, his extraordinary wisdom in determining which was the best course of action from the many courses of action which were possible, his ability to determine the maximum that could be done with the forces that he had available, his unique ability to choose men who were exactly suitable for the job which they were to do, and many other similar characteristics—all contributed to the tremendous success of the United States forces in the Pacific. This was a contribution greater than that made by any other man. For these reasons alone he became one of the greatest of naval strategists in the world.

But it is not even primarily because of his great knowledge and wisdom that Admiral Nimitz was revered by the people of the United States, and especially by those who were so fortunate as to serve with him. He was an inspiring leader. He had a tremendous understanding of people and what caused people to expend unlimited effort in their country's cause. His unswerving kindness to all those who served with him was a byword in the Pacific and a source of great strength to his subordinates. His staunch support of the principles for which he stood under all circumstances served then and will serve in the future as an example of a magnificent man. His humor, even in times of great stress, served to release tensions so that his subordinates could work effectively.

Admiral Nimitz had extraordinary professional ability, but he was endeared to the Navy because of his personal characteristics. He was a man whom all of those who knew him tried to emulate. The example that he set will be followed by generations of naval officers in admiration of what he stood for, what he did, and what he was.

ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE
USN (Ret.)



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# *Rockefeller and the Drug Plan*

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

It is to Nelson Rockefeller's credit that he has developed a program for New York drug addicts which contemplates their physical segregation. For his pains he has been condemned by the American Civil Liberties Union, which proposes to file a protest against Governor Rockefeller's plan for the compulsory removal of drug addicts upon the complaint of a third party. The Governor's idea is that a drug addict should be sequestered for a period of at least three years during which he would be treated by experts.

*Buckley*

The ACLU's position is that the removal of drug addicts amounts to incarceration, and that the Supreme Court has ruled that an addict cannot be called, in effect, a criminal, or treated as one, in the absence of due process. The Supreme Court decision in question was 1964's *Robinson* vs. *California*. Which decision, however, left open the right of a state to remove drug addicts where the general welfare was concerned, conceding that to do so "might involve periods of involuntary confinement."

So much is the problem in the forefront of the mind and conscience of those who know its horror that a middle-aged father, who works in New York City as a clerk, reported last fall to an inquiring reporter that "there is only one real problem. Dope. If my son were to become addicted, I would either kill him, or kill myself, or both." The man who spoke, having observed the ravages of the disease, knew something about the direness of the problem; and New York is a good place to learn about such things, considering that an estimated 50 per cent of the nation's addicts live there (the estimate ranges between forty and one hundred thousand persons).

I undertook, a few months ago while running for political office in New York, to promulgate a program for narcotic addicts not dissimilar to Governor Rockefeller's, i.e. calling for the compulsory sequestration of addicts. For my pains I was widely accused (e.g. by Senator Javits, by John Lindsay, and by Democratic candidate Abraham Beame) of recommending "concentration camps," or their equivalent. Governor Rockefeller has now advocated a more or less identical approach, and has in turn been criticized, though less demagogically, by the ACLU for reasons which are, under the circumstances, understandable. The circumstances are an egregious ignorance of the means by which addiction is spread. It is natural to oppose the hauling away of a man merely because he is addicted; that is to say, in the absence of any demonstration that he has committed an imprisonable offense.

What Governor Rockefeller has not made sufficiently clear is precisely what most matters in connection with the problem, and it is this: that the drug addict is himself the principal communicator of his own disease.

It is exactly accurate to pronounce drug addiction a contagious disease in every relevant sense. It is generally supposed that it is exclusively the pusher who contaminates fresh victims. Recent studies indicate that however effective the pusher, the most effective contaminator is the individual himself hooked. There appears to be a compulsion of sorts, among most drug addicts, to pass on their lunacy to others. And they develop a sharp psychological eye for likely prey. Ironically, the convert tends to be either very weak, or very strong.

The weak are easily persuaded to try the junk, simply because they cannot resist temptation. The very strong are persuaded to try it because they so greatly confide in their own powers of self-discipline that they think themselves immune to the temptations that ensnare lesser men. In a matter of time, they become hooked.

## *Addicts Boost Crime Rate*

The politico-philosophical key to the problem is therefore to recognize precisely that drug addiction is a contagious disease, and that under the circumstances the state is precisely empowered to exercise, in behalf of the community, the technical right to do what it can to prevent the spread of that disease, even as if it were leprosy. The first and most important step is to remove drug addicts from contact with potential victims. The victims I have directly in mind are other potential drug addicts, although there are other classes of victims besides.

Estimates vary in New York as to how much of the City's crime is the work of drug addicts seeking money to satisfy their anguished craving. Some say that as much as 50 per cent of the crime is their doing. The arrest figures themselves are startling. Of 200,000 persons arrested in New York during 1965, almost 10 per cent were addicts.

There is a new drug (Methadone) which is gloriously hopeful. It doesn't cure addicts, but it appears to relieve them of that compulsive hunger which causes them to become slaves to the habit, and carriers besides. That drug would undoubtedly be a part of Rockefeller's planned treatments. But meanwhile, it appears as though he will have to fight the ACLU; which will need to be educated, as the general public needs to be educated, about the contagious character of drug addiction.



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## Special Report

# *Our Man at the Golliwog Lounge*

JAMES J. KILPATRICK

*The second national meeting of the Philadelphia Society, March 4-5, wound up in contemplation of a rump of gold lamé. And a good thing, too.*

*Chicago.* It was getting on toward midnight Saturday, a cold night, with wild watusis of snow outside, and half a dozen of us were left in the Sheraton's Golliwog Lounge. The last sessions of the Philadelphia Society's second annual meeting had ended a couple of hours ago. *NR*'s Bill Rickenbacker had gone back to the Palmer House, but Warren Nutter was still there, and a sable-eyed Republican brunette, mother of two; and Tim Wheeler of *Rally* Magazine, and one or two others.

Nutter had been stirring his Prestone with a two-olive toothpick. Abruptly, he put the question: "Do you think meetings like this accomplish anything?" He turned his economist's eye on the global rump of the nearest golliwog, done up in gold lamé, and approved the balance of trade. "I mean," he said, "do they accomplish anything worthwhile?"

It is a question that troubles any busy man, not necessarily when he attends his first conference or convention or annual meeting, but when he turns up at his fifth or tenth or twentieth. This was only the second national meeting of the Philadelphia Society, founded in 1964 to provide a small forum where conservative thinkers (as distinguished, politically, from conservative doers) can put their heads and their ideas together. The Society's concerns go to religion, philosophy, education, politics, economics, the law. Membership, which now stands at 76, is by invitation only. Glen Campbell, of the Hoover Institution at Stanford, is president.

Superficially, at least, the two-day meeting of the Philadelphia Society was scarcely distinguishable from a two-day pow-wow in Peoria of the Southern Illinois Pontiac Dealers: The registration desk, with a terminal moraine of pamphlets; the indispensable coffee urn, a chrome totem on an altar of dirty cups; the glad mating cries of old friends arriving; Don Lipsett, the executive secretary, quartering the corridors like a patient pointer in search of tardy pheasants. Only one of the sessions started on time. The Sheraton's rooms and staff were superb; the food was Midwestern medium done. Everybody smoked too much. People doodled on scratch pads. Convention.

### *Campfires of the Spirits*

The golden golliwog swam off through the murky lounge, tray in hand, and vanished in mahogany shoals. The sable-eyed brunette returned to Nutter's question and nodded her sable head. Wheeler affirmed. So did the others. The answer to his question seemed plain to me then, and it seems plain to me as I write this aloft while flying home: Of course such meetings accomplish something worthwhile. These are the winter bivouacs, campfires of the spirit, and they are vital to the defeated conservative troops. For make no mistake: We *have* been defeated—ground down, as John Randolph used to say, horse, foot, and dragoons—and the need never was greater for a rallying of conservative minds and hearts. New plans have to be fashioned, and old principles freshly applied, and new ideas articulated. You do not expect to articulate new ideas in a golliwog lounge, though it is astounding what ideas go through a man's mind.

This year the Society's theme was the civil rights issue, and chiefly its economic implications. The whole meeting would have been worthwhile if only to hear Chicago's diminutive Milton Friedman, his bald head nesting on the rostrum like a Chase Manhattan egg, scolding his fellow conservatives: "We should have seized the civil rights issue ten years ago." His point was that conservatives, arriving belatedly at the battle, now have a much harder task of convincing the American Negro that the voluntary, pluralistic society is his best hope—that coercive laws designed to impose economic interventionism on the market place will not help the Negro. They will hurt him.

Dr. W. H. Hutt, of the University of Capetown, a silver-haired, leathery veteran of 38 years in South Africa, sounded the same theme in a brilliant impromptu address Friday night. He opposes the coercions of *apartheid* as passionately as he believes in the freedoms of the market place. Here, in the economic sphere, he insists, South Africa must find an answer. And American conservatives have the same opportunity to resolve the race problem here.

This also was the theme of Benjamin A. Rogge, of Wabash College, whose dispassionate paper on Saturday afternoon was perhaps the best of the lot. By Southern definitions, Rogge, in the awful word, is an "integrationist." He has only contempt for the coercion of segregation. Yet he brilliantly developed the argument that the principal instruments of the welfare state are designed not to lift up the Negro, but to hold him down. Behold the stark tragedy, he remarked: The innocent Negro picketing for a $2 minimum wage. On the grim record, the alliance of the Negro with organized labor has proved a disaster to the Negro; and this must continue to prove a disaster to him, so long as it results in laws that fail to penalize those merchants and employers who act upon their prejudices. Such programs as rent control, he observed, have the ironical effect of depriving the prejudiced property owner of the penalties of discrimination; the pervasive influence of organized labor has deprived the Negro of the opportunity to move into skilled trades; and such catchword enthusiasms as urban renewal have resulted chiefly in Negro removal. If the free market were permitted to operate color-blind, and if the poor were helped simply as the poor and not as the Negro poor, and if the Negro were set free to sell his labor and to buy his needs without the blighting oppressions of his benefactors—so Rogge developed his theme, in the provocative discourse of a man who has sought truth the

**(Continued on p. 287)**



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# *Licensed to Kill—In Real Life*

**Stalin had been in his grave six years when KGB agent Stashynsky murdered two Ukrainian nationalist leaders, at the order of his superiors. A West German Supreme Court found Stashynsky *and* the USSR "guilty of murder"**

EUGENE LYONS

In Moscow, in the first week of December 1959, top officials of the Secret Police, including the prestigious head of the KGB (State Security Committee), Alexander N. Shelepin, were gathered for a festive banquet. A promising young agent, Bogdan Stashynsky, had fulfilled his promise and was there to receive a great nation's gratitude. In a decree dated November 6, 1959, the Presidium of the Supreme Court, the highest organ of government, had bestowed upon him one of its most glorious awards, the Order of the Red Banner.

Comrade Shelepin personally read the document, signed by Klementi Voroshilov, Chairman of the Presidium and therefore President of the USSR, and pinned the Order on the guest of honor. The text of the decree took cognizance of the young man's performance of "an important government commission," not otherwise identified. Shelepin then questioned Stashynsky closely about details of his achievement, revealing in the process that he was already thoroughly familiar with the assignment and its execution.

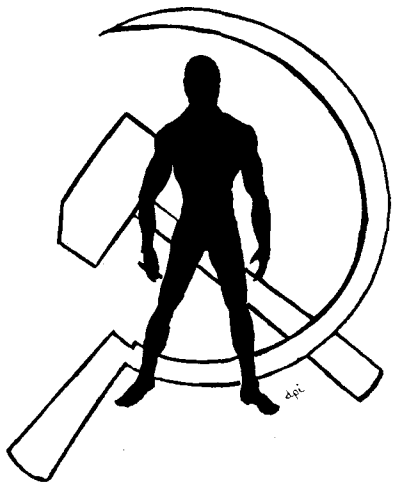
Normally awards of the Red Banner are reported in the Soviet press. This one was kept confidential. The Presidium decree and the Order, indeed, were filed away for safekeeping. Subsequently, however, Stashynsky received a testimonial from the Scientific Research Institute, a cover name for a KGB department, certifying his "successful activity in working out an important problem."

What was the scientific problem worked out? What had Stashynsky done to win the Kremlin laurels?

The answer is that on October 15, 1959, in Munich, acting on instructions from the "highest authority" in Moscow, he had murdered Stefan Bandera, the outstanding Ukrainian Nationalist leader. A professedly civilized government of a great nation had ordered the assassination of an anti-Soviet emigré and was officially honoring the killer! And this, be it noted, not in the black Stalin era but in the bright new era of "liberalization." In command of the bloody enterprise, be it further noted, was one of the regime's top men, the same Shelepin who is today the Deputy Premier and Secretary of the ruling Party.

These sensational facts, as we shall see, were fully established and documented in a dramatic trial several years later in the Supreme Court of West Germany. The verdict explicitly *found the Soviet Government guilty of murder,* not only in the Bandera case but in an earlier killing by the same agent as well.

The whole macabre story was made public recently, on November 22, 1965, for the enlightenment of Americans by the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security (*Murder International, Inc.,* U. S. Govt. Printing Office, 1965). That the Kremlin maintains an international murder apparatus is well known. According to the testimony of a former highly placed KGB agent, Peter S. Deriabin, insiders refer to it as the "Department of Blood-Wet Affairs." But in the nature of such criminal enterprises, they are not easily proved. Here at last, Senator Thomas Dodd pointed out for the Senate committee, was the proof, meticulously established in a free court of law and set forth concretely in an official Senate document. He waited confidently for an emphatic public reaction to the revelations. He is still waiting.



Bogdan Stashynsky was born in 1931 into a lower middle-class family in a village near Lemberg in the Western or Carpathian Ukraine. Turned over to Nazi Germany by the Hitler-Stalin partition of Poland, the area was occupied by the Red Army when the Germans retreated, and duly incorporated into the Soviet Union. An underground liberation movement developed, first against the Germans and then against the Russians, which is still active. Its principal instrument was the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists), headed by Stefan Bandera.

In the late summer of 1950, young Stashynsky was hauled in by the Secret Police in Lemberg. His parents, he was told, were known to support the resistance movement. He could save them from unpleasant consequences only by cooperating with the government. The 19-year-old Bogdan, politically passive and anxious only to continue his college studies, agreed to infiltrate a local OUN group and report on its activities.

The job seemed minor enough and the boy was trapped. Increasingly important assignments followed. By 1956, now a full-fledged agent, he was in Munich under a false identity spying on Lev Rebet, editor of the OUN paper, and other prominent anti-Soviet leaders. In September 1957, he was ordered—directly from Moscow headquarters, it was made plain to him—to "liquidate" Rebet. His su-



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periors provided him with a foolproof death weapon. This triumph of Soviet technology was demonstrated to him by a KGB expert who had come from Moscow for the purpose.

Evidently Stashynsky was not by nature a killer. He recoiled from the assignment and was shaken up by the demonstration. Yet, as if mesmerized by the seven years of obedience and indoctrination, he concealed his inner tremors and accepted the task "for the socialist fatherland."

The wonder weapon was a metal tube, about as thick as a finger and seven inches long. When the firing pin was pressed, it exploded a glass ampoule at the business end of the tube, releasing a poisonous vapor, one whiff of which killed the victim, leaving no external traces. The operator was immunized in advance by swallowing an anti-poison pill hours before using the weapon and after the act by crushing another ampoule and inhaling its vapor. Easy, quiet and safe, the expert smiled reassuringly, and it had already been used successfully on several occasions.

## *A Frisky Dog*

The following morning the man from Moscow, with a frisky, friendly dog as the third passenger, drove to the woods for a practical test. Stashynsky, of course, had taken the antidote. The dog was tied to a tree and Stashynsky was told to fire. Turning his head away in loathing, he aimed and pressed the firing pin. The dog fell over and in a brief convulsion lay dead. The horror of that moment never left him, the youthful agent would say in due time.

Day after day Stashynsky now trailed the doomed Rebet. Though several opportunities for convenient action presented themselves, he could not bring himself to finish the job—not until October 12. That day he waited on a stairway in the editorial building. As Rebet was ascending the stairway, Stashynsky fired the chemical gun and saw the victim topple over. The death of the Ukrainian journalist was barely noted in the press. Because he had long had a cardiac ailment, everyone assumed that it was a case of sudden heart failure.

Try as Stashynsky could to justify the murder as patriotic duty, it troubled his conscience. His mind was further disturbed when he met the attractive 20-year-old Inge Pohl, who lived with her family in the Soviet Zone but worked as a hairdresser in West Berlin. He realized that she was less than friendly to the Communist regime. Nevertheless, as their friendship grew into mutual love and he had to explain long absences to her, he confided to Inge he was a Soviet agent, without revealing the nature or extent of his crimes.

In the autumn of 1958 he was assigned to study the movements of Stefan Bandera. Some months later, in April 1959, he was summoned to Moscow and, again in the name of the "highest authority," was ordered to kill Bandera. Since this top leader was usually accompanied by a bodyguard, the weapon this time was double-barreled.

Back in Munich, Stashynsky hesitated to carry out his mission, shrinking from several chances for an easy killing. Early in October he was called in by his chief and reprimanded for the delay—Moscow was impatient. Finally, at one o'clock on October 15, he performed the deed.

Having spotted Bandera arriving alone, then proceeding to park his car in the yard, Stashynsky had let himself into the apartment house with a skeleton key and waited on the dimly-lit staircase. He saw the door open. Bandera, encumbered by a bag of groceries, had some trouble extracting his key. Stashynsky approached him casually with some comment about the key, aimed and fired the poison gun, and walked away briskly. In the evening he reported to his contacts in the Soviet Zone that he had "greeted an acquaintance"—insiders' slang for a job of murder completed—and received their jubilant congratulations.

Because of his prominence, the death of Bandera did make headlines throughout the world. Foul play was suspected, then confirmed in an autopsy that revealed traces of prussic acid. The Communists at once launched a propaganda campaign to the effect that Bandera had been murdered by political opponents within the Emigration. The police could find no clue to the crime, which remained an unsolved mystery for nearly two years.

In a movie theater several days after Bandera's death Stashynsky saw a newsreel of the funeral, including a close-up of the dead man in an open coffin. Somehow the sight horrified him. In his own words, it "struck him like a blow with a hammer, or rather like an electric shock." From that time forward he was torn between a tortured conscience and his long habit of obedience.

Sometime in November he met a visiting KGB general at the East Zone headquarters. Holding a glass of cognac, the general stood up and solemnly informed Stashynsky of the good news—he had been awarded the Order of the Red Banner, which would be conferred upon him by Shelepin himself in Moscow.

In the high-spirited company at the banquet we have already described, only Stashynsky was confused and depressed. He felt that he was now regarded as a "professional killer" and the prospect filled him with self-loathing. A vague thought of breaking out of the trap was forming in his mind. But with the cunning he had learned for other purposes, he used the occasion to plead with Shelepin for permission to marry. As a rule the Secret Police did not want its agents hampered by family ties.

## *Suspicion*

Shelepin generously agreed, provided the girl passed the test of loyalty. Accordingly she was brought to Moscow soon thereafter and, under Bogdan's guidance, she put on a good show of enthusiasm for all things Soviet. They were married in East Berlin in April, 1960—in a church ceremony, with KGB consent, to avoid alarming Inge's religious family. The couple then moved to Moscow, where Stashynsky enrolled in a language institute to perfect his German for future assignments.

Somewhere along the line his ambiguous state of mind had aroused suspicion. The Stashynskys were soon aware that they were under constant surveillance. They discovered that their tiny apartment was thoroughly "bugged," their mail was being censored, their movements observed. The suspicion was well-founded. Bogdan had meanwhile confessed all his crimes to his bride and they had decided to use the first opportunity to escape to the West.



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In January, 1961, because of a well-advanced pregnancy, Mrs. Stashynsky was finally allowed to visit her family, alone. In April, when a son was born, his father requested permission to go to East Germany to see his wife and the child but was denied the privilege. About three weeks later the boy died. Stashynsky argued that if he did not show up for the funeral, his weak and distraught wife might be driven to talk too much. The argument worked. Chaperoned by an agent for his "protection," he flew to East Berlin.

When the funeral got started, however, the bereaved parents did not show up. Reasoning that the moment was propitious, they had evaded surveillance and by devious side streets and across meadows reached the Schonhauer station of the electric railway to West Berlin. They boarded the train, arrived without incident, and drove by taxi to the home of friends of Inge.

Stashynsky went at once to a police center and asked to be "taken to the Americans." The American officials, after hearing his startling story, turned him over to the German authorities. He was imprisoned while every last detail of his confession and documents was checked with Germanic thoroughness. Scientists even reconstructed the chemical weapon and confirmed its lethal efficiency. As soon as news of the defection became public, Walter Ulbricht, the East German boss, hastily called a press conference at which he tried to pin the Bandera murder on "American imperialists" and their "hirelings."

Stashynsky was brought to trial before the Supreme Court in Karlsruhe in October 1962. The verdict, on the 19th of that month, did not vindicate the confessed assassin—he was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. But it placed the primary guilt where it belonged. "The Federal Supreme Court," the judges declared in a lengthy document, "is obliged to attest with regret that the political leadership of the Soviet Union officially orders and has murders carried out on German territory." The Stashynsky affair, they added, "has, unfortunately, definitely proved that so-called coexistence and so-called socialist legality by no means exclude individual terrorism—all of these terms used in the Communist vocabulary."

As for Stashynsky, the Court stated, he merely "personified the individual who is first of all trained in the doctrine of hatred and propaganda and is then degraded to the rank of a deliberate killer . . . On the strength of the evidence in this trial the guilt of those from whom he received his orders is far greater. Without their system of individual terrorism these two murders would not have happened."

The Court alluded to "the present political leadership of a world power which is wont to be proud of its history and civilization . . . of the country that has given the world a Pushkin, Gogol, Chekhov, Leo Tolstoy and Fyodor Dostoievsky and in more recent times Mayakovsky, Sholokhov and Pasternak," yet engages in official murders on foreign soil.

Senator Dodd, believing that his committee document had "historic political significance," has been frankly disappointed and frustrated by the fact that it has been virtually ignored by the press. As for foreign policy officials in Washington, they have been too busy "building bridges" to the Kremlin murder-bund to offer comment.

*"If you ask me, 'philosophy' is a rather pretentious word for mere folk-wisdom."*



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# *Peking's Stake in Africa*

**To China, Africa presents the perfect battleground in its ideological war against the USSR. It is now training "Vietcong" type recruits for that struggle**

PIETER LESSING

In May 1963 when Michael Harmel and John Hodgson escaped from South Africa they stayed for a time in Lobatsi, a forlorn, dust-swept little town on the edge of the Kalahari Desert a few miles inside Bechuanaland, which had become a center of political intrigue.

Harmel and Hodgson had set up a training center for sabotage near Johannesburg where Hodgson, among others, had instructed selected Africans in the use of explosives. They had also arranged for promising young Africans to be sent to Soviet bloc countries and China for further guerrilla training. When the South African police got on their trail they skipped to Bechuanaland.

At the time I was also staying in Lobatsi and for a while we nightly kept one another company in the town's solitary bar. They were pleasant drinking companions—full of wit and fun.

## *Chou Directs Policy*

One night I was visited by a young African called Elias. He thought I ought to know that I was keeping the wrong kind of company. It turned out that Elias had just returned after a few months in China. He was therefore able to inform me, he said, that Harmel and Hodgson were traitors to Africa because they were "Moscow Communists."

As they had up to then been perfectly acceptable to Peking, that is the nearest approximate date I can pinpoint as the beginning of the complete divergence of Moscow's and Peking's separate offensives in Africa.

After that I became used to being warned by African Communists not to associate with one group or another because they were now either "Moscow Communists" or "Peking Communists." It has happened in Dar-es-Salaam, in Nairobi, in Brazzaville, in Cairo and various other places in Africa. Yet I had previously known these groups to cooperate as a team.

What I had inadvertently stumbled upon in Lobatsi were some of the first signs of a Chinese reassessment—completed only within the last few months—of the African revolution. It has largely been the work of Chou En-lai himself. Although there are three African departments in the Chinese Foreign Ministry, policy is directed by him personally.

This is a measure of the importance China now attaches to Africa. In contrast, Russia's African offensive is directed at a much lower level, with the two African departments in the Soviet Foreign Ministry enjoying considerable policy freedom.

One reason for this concern which emerges from Chinese statements and from other information, is that Peking is convinced that a decisive blow against Russia in the ideological dispute between the two can be struck in Africa. A second, in terms of global political strategy, is that a crippling punch against the West is now equally possible in Africa, which will soon contain about one-third of all the nations in the world.

A Chinese policy document had previously laid down: "If there were one or two among independent countries which would effect a real national revolution, a revolutionary wave would roll up the African continent." A subsequent policy directive used almost identical words: "When the opportunity is ripe, the wave of revolution will roll up the continent of Africa like a mat . . ." Since then Chou En-lai has said, first in Mogadish, the capital of Somalia, and more recently in Dar-es-Salaam on the eve of the ill-fated Algiers summit conference, that the revolutionary prospects have become "excellent." (The cancellation of that "Second Bandung," incidentally, marked a decided setback for Peking in Africa, but one which for reasons discussed in this piece will have little effect in changing China's long-range strategy in Africa. The fall of Ben Bella last July was followed in short order by the Mobutu take-over from the vacillating President Kasavubu in the Congo and then in rapid succession, around the turn of the year, by military coups in Dahomey, Central African Republic and the two early 1966 blockbusters: the ouster and murder of President Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa of Nigeria and the unceremonious booting out of Nkrumah just this month.)

Paradoxically, Peking does not consider either Western influence or a possible African rejection of China as the main stumbling block in Africa. The real "enemy" there is now the Soviet Union, and not merely within the context of their ideological dispute.

## *USSR's Winning Ways*

Until about two years ago both Russia and China pursued a policy of friendship towards most forms of what they called the African revolution. They both befriended, praised and helped African leaders and their movements irrespective of whether they were truly revolutionary, so long as those leaders allowed them a foothold.

Russia is now carrying this policy a stage further, footholds permitting, on the assumption that once an African country has won independence—whether by means of a revolution or not, except that in Soviet phraseology independence has in all cases been preceded by a revolution—there follows a phase during which all but the most intractable African leaders will seek stability and oppose further revolution within their own country.

This concept as well as the original joint policy have been utterly re-



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jected in the new strategy evolved in Peking. The Chinese now contend that the Soviet tactics merely strengthen bourgeois governments, create a conservative, anti-revolutionary middle class and directly weaken revolutionary elements in Africa.

This, incidentally, is one important reason why China rejects the idea of generous economic aid to African countries, except where it can be exploited for revolutionary purposes. Western failure to understand this attitude has led to the assumption that the rejection arises only from China's inability to match Soviet (or Western) aid.

In short, the Russian policy is to move into Africa by winning over African leaders and without risking a cataclysmic revolution with foreseeable consequences. But for Peking there can be no form of coexistence in Africa, peaceful or otherwise, until after a total, shattering revolution has created the kind of Africa the Chinese want.

A Chinese policy directive mentions that Africa is today a continent largely under the control of young, inexperienced and often unstable regimes, established after the retreat of European rule ("retreat of European rule" being the Chinese expression). They derive their strength, according to the Chinese, mainly through hostility to and suspicion of the West — consequently Western "counterrevolutionary action" will not be effective in Peking's view. Conditions are therefore "favorable" for the rapid spread of armed revolt and disorder once the revolution starts.

However, the Russian backing which many of the new regimes can rely upon is recognized as a considerable obstacle. A primary need in the new, more militant Chinese policy is therefore to get Russia out of Africa, or at any rate to reduce Soviet influence to almost total ineffectiveness. Indeed, the need to drive out the Russians now takes priority over the necessity to eliminate the decreasing Western influence.

In practice, however, China has devised a formula which serves equally well against both Russia and the West without weakening the impact in either direction.

The world has simply been divided into "have" and "have-not" nations, Russia being among the "haves," with a clear-cut dividing line between the two groups and no overlapping anywhere. Since Chou En-lai began to refer to the world in these terms, his interpretation has won acceptance almost everywhere, including Washington and London. Few still remember the origin of the concept.

The "have" nations, according to

the Chinese message, are rich because they have exploited the "have-nots," who are poor for the sole reason that they have been cruelly exploited for centuries. Only if they stand together in a united effort against the "haves" can the "have-not" nations hope to achieve their rightful place and share of the wealth. Their separate weaknesses will then be turned into collective strength.

The "have-not" nations therefore have a mutual interest, a common problem and a natural understanding of one another's difficulties. Thus China, a "have-not" and until recently a backward and exploited country, has a natural bond with the aspirations of the African people, while Russia, an imperialist "have" nation masquerading under false colors, is in fact an enemy of Africa.

More important, the "have" nations all happen to be white, including Russia. The "have-nots" all happen not to be white. This, of course, is no accident. It derives directly from the fact that throughout history all white men have conspired to oppress the non-white races and they will continue to do so until the non-whites rise in their own defense. There are no exceptions to this inflexible dogma.

The Russians, being white, the Africans are told, are employing typical imperialist methods in dealing with small, non-white countries, interfering in their internal affairs and dictating to them. Soviet economic aid is condemned as "neo-colonialism" aimed at making receiving nations dependent upon Russia.

The usefulness of this formula is that any attack on the West automatically applies to Russia as well, and the other way round.

China's possession of nuclear weapons, incidentally, is to strengthen the collective "have-not" and "non-white" world whereas Russia's nuclear weapons are for the collective strength of the imperialist oppressor nations now practicing "neo-colonialism."

There are, of course, many Africans who do not accept this urgent message, but on the whole I have found that Peking has succeeded in giving China a definite image in African eyes which I can best sum up as:

A country dedicated to revolution and the overthrow of imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism everywhere; but also a country which, once the revolution is over, will respect and live in peace with all Africa, willing to share her experience of successful rebuilding after a revolution; a country able to understand Africa's problems because she herself has had to face and overcome identical problems and has, in spite of those problems, risen in a short time to become a major world power; a power, complete with atom bomb, that now commands attention throughout the world.

The Chinese belief that conditions in many parts of Africa are nearly enough identical to those which made their revolution possible is genuine, not mere propaganda. It emerges, for instance, from a Chinese Army political directive:

"Some places in Africa are like our country at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, some are at the stage of the 1911 revolution, and some are at the period of the May 4 movement . . . They are still far from the 1949 era of China." (The "1949 era" signifies the successful conclusion of the Chinese revolution.)

The real intended victims of current Chinese policy in Africa are in



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the first place not the white regimes in the south but the legally constituted governments of black African states, no matter how friendly Peking's relations with them are on the surface.

From this emerges the basic difference between the Chinese and Soviet approaches. Moscow tries to win over African governments, regardless of how weak or unstable they may be, and will bolster them up if they are pliant and cooperative. For China the African governments, particularly if they are weak and unstable, exist merely as factors which can contribute to the African revolution by their weakness and instability.

Much has been written about clandestine military aid and training for guerrilla groups in Africa. The Chinese role among the Congo rebels is well known and so are the disclosures which followed the expulsion of the Chinese Embassy from Burundi last year. The existence of training centers, with Chinese instructors, in Tanzania, Congo (Brazzaville) and elsewhere is no longer disputed. Other known facts include the close liaison which has developed between Peking and the various liberation movements based in Dar-es-Salaam, and the military training which some Africans selected by these movements are receiving in China.

However, for China these are partly camouflage activities although they have their own use to the extent that they help to create an atmosphere of unrest.

What is not generally known is that China is laying the foundation for a private African army of her own, with no other allegiance than to Peking, to start revolutions in various countries at the opportune moment. Individuals from different parts of Africa are being recruited independently, without the knowledge of their governments or of any national liberation movement, and are taken to China for intensive training lasting up to two years. The subjects include sabotage, guerrilla warfare and some politics.

At the conclusion of their training they are returned to their home areas in order to form cells. They are not allowed to indulge in political activity except on instructions from Peking, and generally the Chinese prefer them to remain model, law-abiding and non-political citizens until the time is ripe. They are meanwhile merely expected to hold themselves available for when the call comes and to continue building up the cells they have formed.

The recruits are well-paid and continue to receive adequate financial support after their return.

Here, too, it is significant that no distinction is made between white-

ruled southern Africa and black-ruled Africa. Recruits have so far been drawn not only from South Africa, Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories, but even more so from Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Nigeria and a number of former French territories.

The fact that relatively uneducated Africans are preferred suggests that political conviction is not an important consideration. Africans of the unprivileged classes who have not derived any benefit from independence or who have real or imaginary grievances against the society in which they live and who can be tempted by money to enter Chinese service appear to be the targets of the recruiting agents.

As this is entirely an underground army, its existence unknown to most African governments, no effective steps are possible against it. Its size is at present also unknown and so, too, is the stage which the program has reached. However, the first recruits began coming back to Africa late in 1964, and immediately dispersed. Since then there has been a steady flow and the recruiting program has meanwhile been stepped up. There is now a sizable two-way clandestine traffic between China and Africa.

I have seen some of the more general instructions upon which the clandestine army is supposed to base its activities. The returned recruits are instructed to:

1) Establish and unobtrusively build up many small bases in isolated rural areas. 2) Organize the bases as revolutionary centers where small groups can be given secret military and political training without alarming the authorities. 3) Establish friendly relations with peasants and tribesmen in the area and try to win their support. Each small base must at first operate independently, but as they increase in number in any individual country, collective, coordinated pressure must be appied. 4) To "promote and develop the upsurge of the national revolution."

Only when this stage has been reached, with many "local revolutions" to induce general chaos, will the time have arrived for China's private African army to go into action as guerrilla groups.

China and Russia undoubtedly have suffered numerous setbacks in Africa during the past three years. However, such setbacks may have been disconcerting for the Russians who are trying to influence African governments, but diplomatic reverses mean little to the Chinese.

They care little for governments: their revolution is being fomented from below. A denunciation of Peking's ambitions by, for instance, President Jomo Kenyatta, does not have the slightest effect on the spread of clandestine cells in Kenya; nor the ouster of Nkrumah and the military take-overs in Dahomey, the Central African Republic, Upper Volta and Nigeria.

While it may therefore be possible to argue that Moscow and Peking are not actually winning the *ideological* war in Africa, in fact China is not waging an ideological war at all anywhere in Africa. She does not even have an indoctrination program for Africa. For the kind of war she is bringing to Africa, for which Vietnam is more the pattern, Peking is satisfied that the preparations are going ahead satisfactorily.

And if there are setbacks? A policy directive admits: "While it is not possible for the national revolution to be victorious simultaneously in all countries (in Africa), by infiltration and subversion each country separately and gradually will fall to the revolution."



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# *Communist Capitalism: Will It Work?*

**Can an economy exist mostly slave and marginally free? That's what Soviet planners are trying to determine now—and with little success**

G. WILLIAM TRIVOLI

Recent announcements of drastic revisions in the Soviet economy have stimulated much discussion East and West. Is the Soviet Union really adopting capitalism? If so, why? How successful are the Russians likely to be?

Most Western observers feel that behind these major revisions is the economic system's lackluster performance in recent years. For several years now, a few experts on Soviet economy have been pointing out an apparent decline in the rate of growth in key sectors—for example, Dr. Colin Clark's *The Real Productivity of Soviet Russia, A Critical Evaluation,* submitted to a Senate subcommittee in 1961, and Dr. G. Warren Nutter's scholarly *Growth of Industrial Production in the Soviet Union.* Their findings were either rejected or totally ignored until the Soviet leaders themselves began admitting serious shortcomings in their growth rate.

The annual growth rate in the Russian gross national product has fallen from an annual increase of about 8.5 per cent from 1950 to 1957 to an estimated 2.3 per cent in 1963. Western observers have placed the Soviet rate of growth in total output of goods and services for 1965 at 3 per cent, less than half the U.S. rate of about 7.5 per cent for last year. Industrial production for 1965 is estimated as the third lowest gain in ten years, and Deputy Premier Nikolai Baibakov concedes a further slowdown in 1966.

In the light of this stagnation Soviet planners have approved sweeping changes in an attempt to come up with the desired economic results.

Khrushchev's economic policies were a disaster and probably contributed heavily to present problems. First, he attempted to decentralize the economic structure and later reversed himself owing to an outbreak of "local initiative" in 1961. The Kremlin planners left more than 100,000 construction projects unfinished. Khrushchev's worst failures came in agriculture. Serious shortages in meat and butter followed by extensive crop failures led to purchase of wheat and other grains from the Free World.

In 1964 several Russian consumer goods producers were given permission to gear production to consumer demand. The Russian economist whose name all these experiments bear, Yevsei G. Liberman, a professor at provincial Kharkov University, began writing of needed economic reforms as far back as 1956.

Under the Liberman theory, plants and their managers would be given bonuses based on the "profit" earned rather than on the fulfilment of planned targets as in the past. The factories would receive orders directly from stores and distributors rather

than from the central planners. The theory also called for a more flexible price system and for greater decision-making powers for plant managers.

Success of similar programs in some satellite nations, notably Hungary and Czechoslovakia, prompted Kremlin leadership to allow some experiments in the Russian clothing industry in May of 1964. In two apparel plants, the Gorki Garment Works in Gorki and the Mayak Textile Works in Moscow, production decisions were decentralized. The plants were permitted to receive orders directly from retailing concerns and then gear production to demand. Retailers were free to return shoddy or slow-moving merchandise. The net profits earned by the factories determined the bonuses paid to workers and managers.

Although no detailed results of these limited experiments were released, the Soviet Economic Council announced in late 1964 that the experiments were to be extended to other enterprises, mainly in the consumer goods field. Since that time over 300 Russian enterprises are known to have adopted the system.

The most recent five-year plan contains a number of extensive reforms embracing Libermanism. Several of the major economic reforms are: 1) *Increased authority for individual enterprises.* Prices for the most part will be set by producers and retailers—not central planners. Employment will be determined mainly by local managers but wages will still be set by the central authority. Plant directors will be permitted to raise wages by 50 per cent, out of profits, for good worker performance. 2) *Substitution of sales and profit indicators for central control.* Profits will become a major criterion for setting bonuses and will be determined on the basis of goods actually sold to customers at the retail level. 3) *Contracts negotiated directly between producers and retailers,* although some middlemen may remain to buy from factory and sell to retailers. Factories are to make up their own production plans based upon contracts with retail outlets. 4) *Central planners to charge for the use of*



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*capital by enterprisers.* In short, the central plan will be stripped to one main element—investment controls. Enterprisers will still have to give central authority their plans for the coming year, but data will be used mainly for information rather than control purposes.

In the opinion of one noted expert on Soviet economy, Egon Neuberger, the above reforms will lead only to limited improvements or even to deterioration of the present situation. In the first place, the shift from central planning toward profit will affect only a small percentage of the total economy; some experts suggest that little more than 2 per cent of the enterprises will be converted. In Hungary, where many of these reforms have been in force, dissident workers and students have staged protest demonstrations against such "reforms" as food-price rises, thus indicating that Soviet reforms may meet with something less than success.

Furthermore, agriculture, the worst-producing sector of the economy, will not be revamped. The Kremlin leadership seems unlikely to abandon state and collective farming. Present plans commit them to heavy investment in improvements for collective and state-owned farms. This long-range program isn't likely to show tangible results for years. Deputy Premier Baibakov admitted agricultural output in 1965 dropped below the 1964 level, which was a poor year. The Kremlin's present leaders are paying for many years of neglect of agriculture, and there is little they can do about it in a hurry. In 1963, for instance, the Soviet Union farmed 75 per cent more crop land than the U.S., using seven times as many farm workers, and produced less than half the total grain crop of the U.S. for a Russian population over 19 per cent larger.

Agriculture promises to be a continual drag on the entire Soviet economy for years to come. Crop failures cost the Soviets valuable foreign exchange and gold reserves for foreign purchases that could be used to purchase vital machinery and equipment from the West. The USSR has already purchased from Argentina and Canada over seven million tons of wheat and flour for delivery during 1966. In addition, the ambitious expansion program for the

farm sector will draw increased resources from the rest of the economy.

Other reasons for the probable failure of Red capitalism lie in the nature of the Communist institutions. The Russian manager has always been the subordinate of the Communist Party official in his plant or area. Often this Party official is an economic illiterate and especially so in the intimate needs of the individual plant. The Party official is anxious to fill quotas assigned by the central committee in order not to lose face in the Party. Under these conditions the tendency is always for the plant managers to base decisions upon their appeal to the local Party commissars rather than upon economic grounds. How far are the Communist leaders willing to let private initiative go under the new plan?

A new law outlining the rights and obligations of managers in the Soviet Union is intended to simplify the central planning process and increase the manager's flexibility. The idea is to allow for demand rather than adherence to some central planning agency setting factory schedules and output. In Czechoslovakia, Communist Party officials assigned to such enterprises are demoted to mere membership on consultative committees which also include representatives of trade unions and other specialists. These committees are supposed to be consultative only and not to undermine the responsibility and rights of the manager. But most old-line Soviet Communist officials are unwilling to allow managers too much independence.

In any case, the recent Liberman experiments indicate that it is difficult to grant economic freedom to a comparatively few plants and keep that freedom from encroaching on the operations of plants still under the central plan. The profit-seeking Mayak clothing factory in Moscow buys its raw materials through the Volga-Vyatka trading organization, which must operate according to a strict plan. Volga-Vyatka has great difficulty fulfilling the Mayak plant's specialized orders, which are based upon consumer clothing preferences, and supplying other plants at the same time.

If these reforms become as widespread as has been indicated, the conflicts will increase. The raw-material suppliers of many of these profit-motive firms will find it harder to meet specialized needs without short-changing other industries such as the vital military one.

This problem plagued the British Labor Government's attempt at socialism in the late forties. Laborite decentralized state planning failed precisely because it did not ruthlessly enforce a central plan from the top. In his leading text, *Comparative Economic Systems,* William N. Loucks observes: "The British Labor Government never really came to grips with the problem of instituting effective comprehensive economic planning . . . [Its] concept of economic planning was duly respectful of democratic principles. . . . The question is, would such a technique have proved adequate to keep an *enlarged* scope of government ownership and control of industry effectively coordinated for the attainment of comprehensive goals . . . ?" Consequently, any attempt at decentralized planning with centralized ownership or control is doomed to failure.

If the state owns or controls the major resources of the economy, to allow for local autonomy in their utilization invites utter chaos. The Soviet planners, then, are caught on the horns of a serious dilemma. They find that their economy is becoming too complex and diverse to control minutely from above; yet they cannot really achieve the tremendous productiveness of a decentralized economy without relinquishing complete ownership or control of the nation's resources.

Under limited decentralization with control remaining primarily at the top, problems arise when local pro-



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ducers demand a quantity and type of materials either unavailable or in short supply in other sectors of the economy. The economy will be beset by serious shortages and bottlenecks that could result in a complete breakdown. (A market economy would ration its vital resources through the price mechanism — scarce resources would be more expensive.)

The recent Soviet revisions attempt to solve this problem by charging interest for capital used by enterprisers. Enterprisers hopefully will ration their use of vital capital equipment and resources. But, under the new plan, land still is not priced; the interest charge will not reflect the opportunity costs of investment. How it is possible to calculate true costs of production without private ownership of production and free markets?

Central planners, no matter how well equipped with computers, can hardly match the marketplace in spotting profitable investment opportunities or in developing new technologies gradually and efficiently alongside older ones. Soviet computer expert Victor N. Glushkov admits that total planning on the scale needed to achieve efficient development and use of capital equipment would require one million computers working without interruption for several years. By that time, the economy would have changed so much that the solutions reached by the computers would no longer be valid.

The Soviet economy is in trouble. There can be little doubt of this; otherwise its masters would never dream of committing the heresy of proposing forbidden tenets of capitalism.

The pressures from the people for more and better consumer goods have the Soviet planners in a bind. In order to increase production in the long-starved consumer goods sector, vital resources must be shifted from heavy industry, military, and subversive enterprises. It is impossible to tell how much diversion of resources from favored areas of the past the Kremlin leaders will allow. The Soviet budget for 1966, however, indicates little if any change from the past. Military spending is to be increased by 5 per cent while heavy industry still remains the favorite area of investment. A mere 6 per cent in consumer goods is planned although the budget calls for more spending in housing construction, education and social welfare programs.

What is certain is that the dilemma will remain no matter what is decided. If greater freedom of enterprise is allowed, serious bottlenecks will develop in unfree sectors; central plans may go even further awry than in the past. If Soviet leaders reverse themselves and reinstitute strict planning, they may have to face a population whose appetite has been whetted for consumer goods, and industrial managers who have been exposed to some benefits of limited laissez faire.

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## Bugged From The Top

**It is 11:30 of a Washington evening. Around the White House dining room table sit the President of the United States and his closest advisers: Bill Moyers, Marvin Watson and Jack Valenti. They are drinking coffee from the Theodore Roosevelt cups, and they are saying . . .**

LBJ: Okay, y'all. Let's get started.

VALENTI: *Rusk's been a naughty boy, Lyndon. Yesterday at 4:30 he was clocked talking to you-know-who.*

LBJ: None o' that who-who stuff, Jack. Spill it.

VALENTI: *Westy Westmoreland.*

LBJ (**bolt upright**): Heh, I thought Edgar hooked Dean's Saigon wire to Cub Scout headquarters.

MOYERS: *Guess he caught on, Lyndon.*

LBJ (**sourly**): Well . . . what else you got?

VALENTI: *Here's a hot one. The bug on Humphrey's line shows eight calls last week from on High.*

LBJ: Damn. What you suppose Martin Luther's gettin' at?

VALENTI: *Can you take a shock?*

LBJ: Shoot, boy.

VALENTI: *King wants to head up Highway Beautification.*

LBJ: Holy moley, that's *Bird's* department. Don't he know?

WATSON: *He knows, Lyndon, but you know Martin. Says there's got to be more integration on the billboards.*

LBJ (**tapping the table**): What else you got?

MOYERS: *McNamara's been ordering a double peach sundae with walnuts every morning at 10:00.*

VALENTI: I don't like the sound of that, Lyndon.

WATSON: *What kind of syrup?*

MOYERS: Chocolate.

WATSON: *Lyndon, you don't look so good.*

MOYERS: Don't panic, gentlemen. (**picks up telephone and dials**) Hi, Mac . . . Bill. Say, we were just chewin' it up at Lyndon's place, and somebody said you're kinda sweet on peach sundaes with walnuts. Yeah . . . walnuts. Oh . . . well, no offense, Mac. Right. Bye. (**hangs up**)

LBJ: *Spit it out, boy!*

WATSON: Come on, Bill . . . what's he say?

MOYERS: *He says that when he eats walnuts it is a signal to the Cambodian ambassador that come St. Patrick's Day he's gonna defect to Portugal, and that we can all take a flying snap at his car antenna.*

W. H. VON DREELE



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## Letter from Africa

# *The Rope That Hanged Nkrumah*

ELSPETH HUXLEY

That three-times-life-size statue of Kwame Nkrumah toppled on its back, broken and desecrated, with bits chipped off and carried away by cheering market mammies—there it was on the television screen. On the pedestal of the statue of Ozymandias, king of kings, were inscribed the words: "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" That statue, too, had fallen; and "Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, the lone and level sands stretch far away."

*Elspeth Huxley*

Many strands were woven into the rope that hanged Nkrumah: the same rope that has hanged most of the dictators, tyrants, conquerors and usurpers the world has known—*hubris*. As schoolboys used to say, he got too big for his boots; or as Lord Acton more decorously observed, all power tends to corrupt; so Nkrumah, hag-ridden by a sense of insecurity, by fears for his own safety—he had survived two attempts on his life—and by the looming bankruptcy of his country, had withdrawn more and more into a fear-ringed privacy penetrated only by the sycophantic coo-ings of his intimates, not by the increasingly angry mutterings of the disillusioned public.

I doubt if, fundamentally, Nkrumah was cut out to be a dictator. He started as an agile, eloquent and compelling politician; one of many who, protected by the liberal laws of their "oppressors," hatched in London schemes to "liberate" their countries from a colonial power even then only too anxious to shed its responsibilities. With such men as Banda (of Malawi), Kenyatta (of Kenya) and Azikiwe (of Nigeria), he fought a tremendous battle against paper tigers with the forces of British Liberalism at his side. And when, in 1957, Ghana became the first British African colony (not counting the Sudan, a curious Anglo-Egyptian hybrid) to achieve independence, the British handed over a highly solvent country with some $600 millions in the kitty, a flourishing economy, a democratic constitution, an independent and respected Judiciary, with freedom of speech and of assembly—everything apparently set fair. Nine years later—nine years of uninterrupted Nkrumahism—Ghana was virtually bankrupt; it had long ceased to have a democratic constitution; the leaders of its former Opposition were dead, in exile or in jail; the Judiciary was shorn of its powers; the economy in ruins; there had for years been no freedom to do or say as you pleased.

Yet Nkrumah did not intend any of these things. He intended Ghana to be rich, great and powerful, and to lead a united Africa towards the domination of the world. He intended the last vestiges of white rule and even influence—for which he coined the phrase "neo-colonialism"—to be expunged from the continent. To that end, he wanted to see a great black army surging down to overwhelm the white Rhodesians and to advance upon South Africa, having knocked off the Portuguese on the way. He was the great exponent of the pan-African creed. He was also the inventor of "African socialism"; no one has ever really understood what this means, although he founded an Institute to expound its doctrines, and renamed it Nkrumahism; under that name, its meaning was just as vague.

That is one of the strands in the rope that hanged Nkrumah: an excessive devotion to pan-Africanism as a creed. In lifting his eyes to the peaks of racial vindication, he ignored the hamlets and villages of the peasant country he ruled. Off he went to Addis Ababa to attend innumerable and bombastic conferences of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) clad in a Chinese-style tunic and attended by, literally, a hundred "advisers," "experts" and secretaries, to make blood-curdling speeches about imperialist oppression; and all the while, at home, the officials of his monolithic party, the CPP, were living on the fat of the land squeezed from peasants whose staple crop was slumping in price, while everything they bought was rocketing.

Nkrumah spent $30 millions of his country's money on a conference hall, with a banqueting room to hold 2,000 people, built in Accra for a single meeting of the OAU, while the price of cocoa, which provides in value nearly two-thirds of Ghana's exports, slumped by more than half in four years. So the peasant tightened his belt, the market mammy's debts mounted and most imported goods, from American automobiles to cotton textiles, either disappeared from the stores or could be bought only at black market prices—which meant that only members of Nkrumah's government or officials of the CPP could afford them. That was why the market mammies, who had once carried shoulder-high the great Osagyefo, cheered even more lustily when they saw his statue chipped into ignominious souvenirs.

### *Process of Deterioration*

The fact is that Nkrumah was an incompetent dictator who made too many mistakes. He alienated, one after the other, every group that had supported him. Ghana is one of the few African countries that had for many years a comparatively large, well-educated and influential middle class of businessmen, landowners and professionals. Most members of this class supported Nkrumah; some even believed in democracy. Within a year of independence, Nkrumah had abolished the constitution which provided for democratic elections and a measure of federalism. That alienated at one stroke the whole of the largest and most closely-knit of Ghana's racial groups, the Ashanti. One of the first to congratulate Lt. General Joseph Ankrah, head of the new regime, on his coup was, significantly, the Asantehene, Paramount Chief of the Ashanti, who played a cagey, waiting game that paid off in the end.



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The Bar in Ghana had preserved a fine tradition, and recruited a number of outstanding men. The independence of the Judiciary had been a reality. When, in 1963, Nkrumah summarily dismissed Chief Justice Sir Arku Korsah, after the High Court had acquitted three men accused of treason, open war between the Bar and the Osagyefo was declared. It could only go one way. Nkrumah took powers to annul any Court decision, and sacked anyone who did not toe the line. So the Bar, and with it the whole of Ghana's professional middle class, including many of its higher civil servants, was alienated.

So, by the time the economy began to totter, inflation to get out of hand, unemployment to soar, starvation to loom and corruption to reach fantastic proportions, there was no one left to defend the regime. When you have effectively eliminated the Opposition—and Nkrumah had at least made a thorough job of that—there is only one force left that can displace the ruler, and that is the army. In country after country, the army has taken over the powers of government. (To date, in Africa: Sudan, Congo, Togo, Dahomey, Central African Republic, Volta and Nigeria, with near-misses in Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda; in the Middle East Iraq, Algeria, Syria and Yemen; and in bygone days there was Nasser's Egypt.) It is likely there will be more to come.

What sort of regimes are likely to emerge from these military takeovers? Will they be more, or less, friendly to the West, or to Russia and China? For how long will the market mammies cheer?

As usual with the crystal ball, it is anyone's guess; and of course one regime will differ from another, according to the personality, ambition and political skill of the officers who have taken over the regimes.

In Ghana's case Lt. General Ankrah, head of the National Liberation Council, has hitherto played not even a remote part in politics. He is rather an old-fashioned soldier, not one of the modern, sophisticated school who wins the Sword of Honor at Sandhurst, hobnobs with British officers of the Brigade of Guards and sees the world with military missions overseas. He started life as a Mission teacher, joined the army as a private, became an army champion boxer and football center-forward, was commissioned in the Education Corps and saw active service as a battalion commander in the Congo.

He is fifty-ish, tough, tight-lipped and, at least in public, by no means the cheerful extravert so many Ghanaians are; by three wives he has fathered 22 children; and General

Henry Alexander, formerly the (British) Chief of Staff in Ghana, has described him as "incredibly ruthless in situations that demand violent action," and one who "could not claim to be in the first rank intellectually." He rose to become deputy Chief of Staff and then Nkrumah made his last, and fatal, mistake—he sacked General Ankrah, on suspicion that he might have been involved in a treasonable plot. Whether or not the General had been so involved, his dismissal settled the matter; plot and General converged.

On this showing it seems likely that General Ankrah's regime will—indeed it must—initially devote all its energies to cleaning up the Ghanaian stable; the great pan-African dream will have to wait. So any idea, which was always ludicrous—except to Mr. Harold Wilson and others imbued with a vindictive resolution to destroy Mr. Ian Smith—that a great pan-African army, summoned from the heights of Addis Ababa by the OAU, would gather to march to the liberation of their brethren south of the Zambezi—any idea of this has been killed stone-dead by the twin upheavals in Nigeria and Ghana. Nigeria's army musters about 8,000 men to control a vast country of 55 millions; Ghana's army is larger and better equipped, mustering some 10,000 men with a much smaller population to govern; but few professional soldiers would be likely to seek adventure overseas when so much hard work confronts them at home.

In a logical world, it would be hard to explain why Mr. Smith, who took over a country he was already legally governing without a shot, without a murder, a trial or even a coup, is a wicked, lawless villain unfit to be negotiated with by decent men; whereas those who seize control of their country by force and shoot, arrest or exile the existing rulers, and then establish a military dictatorship, are immediately recognized as the praiseworthy heads of a respectable legal movement. The Russians may have invented double-think and double-talk, but the British have been superbly apt pupils.

Over-all, it looks as if from the regimes of the African generals we can expect caution rather than fireworks, realism rather than rodomontade, reticence rather than rhetoric, and a period of reorganization rather than the personality cult. Politically, the forecast seems to be a genuine attempt at non-alignment. There were said to be about a thousand Russians in Accra when General Ankrah took over, and most of them left in a hurry in specially laid-on Soviet aircraft. Because of Nkrumah's fondness for the Russians, they have become unpopular with almost everyone else.

The whole affair has not been without the elements of the *opéra bouffe*. The arrival of Honored Guest Nkrumah in Peking for a round of State receptions and banquets at the very moment when he had been deposed needs a new Gilbert and Sullivan, or better still a young Evelyn Waugh, to do it justice. In London a gentleman called Daniel Amihyia claimed to have hatched the whole plot from two furnished rooms in West Cromwell Road, and triggered it off through an "international network" by a message, "Locusts can be operated upon," to which the re-



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ply, "Cockerel cooked," indicated success. Hopefully flying back to Accra, Mr. Amihyia was obliged by a furious General Ankrah to stand on a pedestal in full view of a press conference to recant his story. In London also, leaders of the former Opposition party emerged from their undergrounds to inform a press conference that Nkrumah, knowing the imminence of the coup, had built in the heart of the bush a secret city of 280 Russian-constructed bungalows, to which he intended to repair, in heavy disguise; and that secret subterranean passages radiating from Flagstaff House in Accra contained ammunition and supplies to enable a thousand hidden henchmen to hold out until some foreign power or powers (guess which) came to their aid. So maybe General Ankrah will turn out to be James Bond after all.

Meanwhile he seems a sober, down-to-earth figure after the flamboyant Osagyefo he has overthrown. Osagyefo means redeemer. What the General has now to redeem is insolvency, corruption, inflation and economic collapse—all prosaic things. The OAU has cautiously recognized the new regime. So have most other nations. Nkrumah was never popular beyond his own domains. He was too arrogant. Africans have never cared—who does?—for arrogance. It was not the color of their skin but the arrogance of too many of them that undid the white colonialists. Ghanaians have shown that arrogant black men are no more acceptable than arrogant white ones. The new African nations may have thrown away their tidy democratic constitutions on the Westminster or the Quai d'Orsay models, but the market mammies will have the last word in the end.

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## Letter from Los Angeles

# *Air Pollution, New Style*

BARBARA VACCARIELLO

If an unwary tourist should turn on the radio in his Los Angeles hotel room and think for one awful moment he is listening to a broadcast direct from Radio Hanoi, I beg him to be a little patient and try turning the dial to some other station, where in all probability he will soon hear an anti-Vietnam peacenik put off the air with a shout of, "Get off my show, you creep!"

Los Angeles is on a binge, reeling in a generally sad, sometimes amusing way, from an over-indulgence in radio and television "talk shows."

I must confess that although I knew of the existence of these programs, I'd never really listened to one Before Watts. (Our city's history now seems divided into two periods, Before and After Watts.) But during the riots, it was imperative to have one's radio on nearly 24 hours a day. And during those days, and for much, much too long after, the open-line shows were used by thousands, Negro and white alike, to call in and violently voice any pent up race-hatred or bitterness they had ever felt in their lives. "Burn, Baby, Burn!" seemed a gentle suggestion indeed compared to many of the cries that went out over the air.

So I became acquainted, and it was a shocking enough introduction to make me want to take a further look at what, besides folk rock, is going on in broadcasting these days. If I have discovered nothing else of value, I know that I do have a very strong stomach.

Other cities have these programs, of course, but I seriously doubt that any other city can match ours either in quantity or audacity. As to quantity, one must consider both radio and television, because talk shows are much the same on both media. The same men often conduct both. They share the same guests. The form is similar, with questions or comments coming from anonymous callers on radio or from identified people from the studio audience on television. So it goes on daily, from 6:00 AM until 1:00 AM on four or five major radio stations, and for ninety minutes to two and one-half hours seven nights a week on television. And they continue to multiply.

As for the audacity, it is a little too much, in any opinion, even for a city as free-swinging and slightly mad as Los Angeles. But where else, when he suddenly felt the urge to become a television personality with his very own show, could San Francisco's Melvin Belli (Jack Ruby's ex-lawyer) go? Like it or not, Los Angeles got him.

If anyone doubts the influence of these programs, let me describe a current *cause célèbre*. Very recently, on an early morning radio show, a lady called in to express her displeasure with a certain part of our welfare program known as the MARS project, or Man Assuming the Role of Spouse. It has to do with situations—roughly 500 of them in Los Angeles County—where a man is allowed to live, unmarried, in a home with a mother whose (often illegitimate) children are receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Although the MARS men have been around since about 1949 and are a national, not just a California phenomenon, apparently the Los Angeles tax payers had been blissfully unaware of them. So the lady's phone call set off a series of explosions that reverberated from program to program. "MARS is necessary to provide a 'father-image' and a more normal home environment," maintain the Welfare Department bureaucrats. "An outrageous use of public funds to sanction immorality!" cry the citizens. Interviews have been held with social workers, psychiatrists, assorted vote-seeking politicians, authorities from the DA's office—and even with MARS men themselves and their cohabiters. The offices of Governor Brown and the State Welfare Department in Sacramento (and a few radio stations) have been inundated



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with wires and letters. Editorials have appeared in the newspapers. At a meeting of the County Board of Supervisors (where one particularly irate supervisor charged, "Love-ins!"), a demand was made for a full-scale investigation of this and other charges of welfare fraud brought to the surface along with it. And it continues. But the point is, it all began with one seemingly innocuous phone call to a radio program.

Heaven knows there are issues that need probing and public indignation that needs to be aroused, and in that respect, these programs can and sometimes do provide a worthwhile service. But at the same time, so often a storm born one day dies out the next as the true facts of the matter slowly come to light; and the question then is how much harm was done in the meantime, what reputations damaged, how many wires and letters sent on the basis of erroneous information furnished by anyone with a radio, a telephone, and a penchant for gossip or slander.

## *Kooks and/or Dullards*

The men who conduct these shows are an interesting lot: they are, of course, extremely garrulous, with some degree of wit and humor, and they vary from the aloof intellectual with an Oxford accent to the colloquial, amiable guy who sort of becomes a member of thousands of families. Politically, they range, in my judgment, from the far, far Left to the very near Right. But regardless of their position, it is in the political sense they are most appalling because of the almost unlimited opportunities they have to slant, to sway, to propagandize. In handling a caller or during an interview with a guest, they can permit the speaker to go on at length, or cut him off; they can assist an inarticulate speaker or cruelly ridicule him; they can allow a probable rumor to go off unchallenged, or identify and stop it (and they have been known, I might add, to start a few of their own). Most subtly, they can build up the nice guy image by chatting about their children or mother, sympathizing with lonely old ladies and exchanging recipes with them—then when the time comes to draw aim and fire a political blast, how can any nice old (voting) lady who has just been given a recipe for potato bread possibly disagree?

The guests who appear on the shows, at their own request or by invitation, fall rather easily into distinct categories. First, there are the kooks: the visitors from Venus, the off-beat religionists, the snake handlers, the lady wrestlers, the soothsayers. They are harmless, generally dull, sometimes weirdly entertaining.

Another group would include the perverts: the prostitutes, the narcotics users, the homosexuals, the slobs and beatniks. (Lenny Bruce made a recent appearance that resulted in what must have been the greatest tape-cutting ceremony in the history of the television industry.) Also in this group, sadly, are a great many authors of salacious literature. Certainly the interviewer must always be highly critical of such an author; but during the critique the most pornographic features of the book must be brought out and examined; so the next day sales are sure to soar. (At times the conversation itself becomes more foul than the book: one night I turned on a program just in time to hear an author remark that in his opinion, the only thing wrong with child molesting was that in most cases the child was too young to enjoy it—I thought for a moment I was actually going to hear a debate on the pros and cons of child molesting, but happily, the interviewer quickly got the conversation back to the relatively humdrum topic of homosexuality.)

There are certain guests one might call "regulars." They appear to be available on a moment's notice to rescue an otherwise dull show, or to provide some semblance of political balance. Their ritual is always the same, their faces become familiar. They would include, for example, Dorothy Healy and Mike Laski of the Communist Party, reciting over and over their same tired slogans. Or John Shabazz of the Black Muslims, with his same tired hate. Or John Rousselot, who should be fired from his job as the Birchers' public relations director if he hasn't by now convinced everyone in Los Angeles that *he*, at least, does not believe Eisenhower was a Communist.

Another category would include people called on to discuss specific issues, such as the MARS program, or more important, Vietnam. About Vietnam, there has been in recent weeks an endless parade of representatives from the SDS, the VDC, WSP, SNCC, CORE, the DuBois clubs, plus Senator Morse, Julian Bond, and innumerable professors. Occasionally on the pro side we hear from a Young Republican or some member of the military. But any estimate of the ratio of anti-Vietnam speakers to those who support the Administration policy would have to be something like ten to one—and that is a lot of water wearing on any rock. Again, I concede that some of the men running the shows oppose these speakers, sometimes violently. But some of them do not. And that is when it sounds, as I said, like Radio Hanoi, replete with lurid tales of atrocities committed by "American imperialists": hour after sickening hour of free air time provided for the friends of the Vietcong.

## *Little Bit of Everything*

Finally, there is the Ideal Guest. One came to town a few weeks ago: Allen Ginsberg. A homosexual, marijuana-smoking Vietnam peacenik, all wrapped up in one extremely bushy-bearded package to present to the Los Angeles audience. Mr. Ginsberg made the rounds, mike-hopping all over town from one show to another, crusading for signatures to place an initiative on our ballot to legalize the sale and use of marijuana. The producers must have been delighted with such an ideally controversial guest to throw in the line-up; and Mr. Ginsberg surely was delighted to have access to a forum from which he could describe the delights of marijuana to thousands of prospective petition signers. Presumably the audiences were delighted to have a look at such a being—except perhaps those parents of sons or daughters who have been hooked on heroin via marijuana.

If this new form of air pollution continues unrestrained, in time perhaps all the kooks, perverts, Communists, and appeasers will spawn enough little ones so that the truly unusual and highly controversial guest will then be introduced as a hardworking, taxpaying, moral, rational, proud American.



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# The Captain's Paradise

ALEC WAUGH

From the balcony of my hotel room in Tangier, I look onto an old Moorish city that climbs to the summit of a low-browed hill. Its kasbah is crested with the spire of a minaret; on the lower slope is the cupola of a mosque. The medina is walled in by the rounded bastions that the Portuguese set there four hundred years ago. The flat-roofed houses are painted white and blue. Below the battlements are the cypresses and gravestones of a Jewish cemetery. Beyond a narrow stretch of water rise the hills of Spain; in the far distance, to the right, is the dark sentinel outline of Gibraltar.

Four mornings a week soon after eleven a white motor launch slides across the channel. It is the *mons calpe,* which inspired early in the fifties that amusing film *The Captain's Paradise,* in which Alec Guinness played the part of a captain plying between Africa and Europe with a different matrimonial ménage on either side of the straits. On the British side was a starched decorum, a staid and docile domesticity, while on the African side in a world of bazaars and of the dance of veils was a torrid, tropical romance. And that, allowing for poetic license, was more or less the way it was when I first started coming here eleven years ago.

Tangier was then, and had been for quite a while, an international zone, twenty-five miles long by ten miles wide, nominally part of the sultanate of Morocco, itself a partly Spanish, partly French protectorate, but actually ruled by a control committee, representing eight foreign countries including the United States. Its police force was commanded by a Belgian colonel. It had an unparalleled reputation for free living, yet it was in fact the most law-abiding community in the world for the simple reason that there were hardly any laws to break. You could do, legally, a dozen things that anywhere else would land you behind bars. You could chew hashish, you could smoke kief, you could

watch blue films; accommodating shuttered houses catered for every variety of amatory taste. The only thing you could not do was gamble.

A free port, Tangier was a smugglers' base; cigarettes were shipped to France and Italy; and to Algeria and Tunis. There were no currency controls; some sixty banks conducted exchange operations. The streets were lined with money changers. There was no income tax. A number of American and European corporations enjoyed immunity. Everything was cheap. A mixed, polyglot, multiracial population of some 125,000 persons lived there in amity and peace. There was a regular air service to Paris.

Gibraltar, on the other hand, was as respectable as a Victorian dowager. It was a popular winter resort for elderly gentlefolk. A naval, military, and air force base, it provided the wives and families of serving officers and men with the kinds of amenities that such servants of Empire expected in a foreign station. Its only hotel, the Rock, owned in large part by the Marquis of Bute, had the solid qualities that you would find in Bath and Cheltenham. There was an airstrip but no proper airport. Passengers were housed in a converted, unheated airforce shed. The three hours that I spent there on the morning of Christmas Eve in 1956 exposed me to a bronchial attack that ruined not only my Christmas but New Year.

It is hard to believe that that is the way it was only ten years ago. Today the respective positions and characters of Tangier and Gibraltar have been reversed. In the summer of 1956 Morocco obtained its independence and Tangier lost its international status. A little later it lost its free port privileges. Rabat became the capital of the country and Casablanca the main port. The smugglers moved over to Gibraltar. Tangier's economy was linked with the country's as a whole, and based on the French franc. The foreign banks closed down. The currency manipulators moved across the Mediterranean to Beirut. The price of everything went up. Imports were restricted. Tangerinis now do as much as they can of their shopping in Gibraltar. Any tourist who goes across there for a weekend is begged to return laden with uncooked hams, corn flakes and Andrew's liver salts. The official rate at the local currency: the dirham is 5.09 to the dollar, but in the black market the dollar should fetch 5.50.

Independence for a backward country is usually followed by a puritan reaction, a proof that freedom has been obtained not only from foreign tutelage but also from baleful moral influences of the West. Tangier is no exception. Hashish and kief are now black market commodities. The accommodating establishments in the medina have closed their doors. Casablanca and Rabat used to be jealous of Tangier's prosperity; they described it as an open sore, draining away the resources of the country. Rabat and Casablanca are having their revenge. Unemployment is high now in Tangier and there is only one flight a week to Paris.

In Gibraltar, on the other hand, a completely different process is at work. The colony has had a facial. It is being developed as a resort, with BEA running, during the season, cheap monthly return tickets. Not only has the venerable Rock Hotel enlarged and modernized itself and built a swimming pool, but several other first-class hotels have opened. Beaches have been developed. There is a casino. Gibraltar is not precisely a free port, but the duty on imported goods is low. There are few better places for a shopping spree. There are currency controls, but Britons can

(Continued on p. 287)



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# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *The Non-Objective Encyclopedia*

"What encyclopedia should I buy?" This writer, in one or another of his capacities as professor of politics, newspaper columnist, editor of the *University Bookman,* author of this page in NATIONAL REVIEW, or general man of letters, is forever being asked that question — particularly by parents who (the encyclopedia salesmen tell them) owe their offspring a set of reference works.

*Kirk*

"What encyclopedia is unbiased?" That worries the prospective purchaser more than anything else. I am compelled to tell inquirers that no American encyclopedia is wholly innocent of bias, though some are guiltier than others.

My most recent experience of the bias and the quasi-secret censorship which afflict encyclopedias occurred in connection with an article on "Extremist Organizations" which I had been asked to prepare for the 1966 Americana Annual, the yearbook of the Encyclopedia Americana, covering the events of 1965. Three years before, I had written for this Annual a short article on the John Birch Society; last year, a lengthy article on "Extremism." The yearbook's editor had praised both pieces, and had published them without substantial alteration.

In my carefully prepared article on "Extremist Organizations" for the 1966 Annual, I emphasized the activities of the "new Left," since that sort of extremism had been most conspicuous and most widely publicized during 1965—though I did not neglect the "radical Right." Naturally, I discussed the "militant pacifists," the more radical among the "civil rights" groups, such youth leagues as Students for a Democratic Society, and the Communists.

After a considerable lapse of time, the managing editor of the Americana Annual sent me a revised version of this "Extremist Organizations" article. "I do hope you will agree with our editors that the manuscript has been improved by the factual additions we have made," the editor wrote me.

I didn't so agree. For the "revision" was a travesty of my article. It contained only a few phrases of my authorship. Mostly a pastiche composed from newspaper clippings, the revised version was a work of ignorance and prejudice, got up by some sub-editor, presumably, who sees no enemies to the Left. My reference to Dr. Staughton Lynd was deleted, because he might object to being called an extremist; only one phrase referred to Students for a Democratic Society. My account of "Group Research, Inc.," so thoroughly exposed by Senator Thruston Morton as a leftist smear-group, was omitted altogether. (The irresponsible ideologues of "Group Research, Inc." publish dossiers listing Mr. Dwight Eisenhower, Senator Paul Douglas, Dr. Walter Judd, and all sorts of other people as "extremists" who ought not to be allowed to speak—but Group Research doesn't consider Gus Hall, of the Communist Party, an extremist.)

The anonymous "editor" of my article inserted sentences denouncing Young Americans for Freedom as "extremist," misrepresenting the views of the late Malcolm X, and otherwise committing libel. The managing editor asked for my criticisms of the new version.

I gave him those criticisms, at some length. And of course I forbade him to sign my name to the article, and told him that I would not write anything for his yearbook hereafter. Upon receiving my communication, the editor sent me a telegram saying that in view of my "thoughtful criticism," they had decided to publish no article at all on Extremism. In effect, I had wasted considerable time: for the token honorarium of a hundred dollars repays a writer for only a fraction of the hours he spends in research on such a topic, if he is conscientious.

This is no isolated incident. Dozens of professors and other well-known scholars and writers have been treated, to their indignation, in similarly cavalier fashion.

A decade ago, I had similar troubles with some of the staff of Collier's Encyclopedia and its yearbook. Fortunately for justice and accuracy, however, the editor-in-chief of that encyclopedia was then Mr. W. T. Couch, perhaps the best scholarly editor in America; and he prevented such meddling by his subordinates. Four years ago, when I had written an article on "Democracy" for World Book Encyclopedia's yearbook, I found the revised version grossly distorted in the proofs which were sent to me. But the proprietor of World Book, the late Marshall Field, was on very friendly terms with this writer; and when I appealed to him, my version of "Democracy" was restored and printed intact.

### *Ed. for Ideologues*

To the honor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, let it be said here that on the several occasions when I have written for that encyclopedia or its subsidiary publications, no censorship has been imposed. In general, the Britannica editors persuade the better-known scholars to write for them, and it would be imprudent to antagonize known authorities in various fields. Much of the writing for various popular encyclopedias is done by hacks or certain easily bought professors, who will submit to almost any indignity for an honorarium of fifty or one hundred dollars.

So I do suggest, prospective encyclopedia-purchaser, that you take only with a grain of salt the salesman's professions of "scholarly objectivity." An incompetent little subediting ideologue in the recesses of an encyclopedia office can convert an honest article into propaganda and nonsense. And the effect upon the opinions of our rising generation can be dismal.



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# Confronting the Dream World

PYRRHO

In *The Cold War: A Concise History,* Charles Burton Marshall has formulated some basic political propositions in the natural language. This is a formidable enterprise because it requires exclusion of the "terms-of-the-art" and the irrelevant evidence that have become a commonplace of scholarly discourse. The merit of the venture may be suggested by 1) Heisenberg's dictum, "Even for the physicist the description in plain language will be a criterion of the degree of understanding that has been reached," and 2) Wittgenstein's maxim, "If a sign is not necessary, it is meaningless." On both counts, *The Cold War* is a success. It is as lucidly written as it is lean and economical. It has a good index, clear maps, and—no footnotes.

The book is in four parts: 1) the rise of the nation-state system concurrently with world exploration, colonization, and empire, down to the present confrontation between two powers that Tocqueville foresaw well over a century ago; 2) the slow and painful awakening of the United States to its responsibilities after World War II; 3) the nature and purpose of Communist states; and 4) the persisting conditions of the Cold War.

This outline may suggest that the author has drastically simplified or popularized a complex subject. He has not. On the contrary, while the terms are simple and defined in elementary ways, the four parts have been ordered with the rigor of Euclidian propositions and have the complexity of the subject matter. The brevity is such that U-2 and the Bay of Pigs are paragraphs. The Korean episode, only a few pages, is both clearly understandable and a contribution to the literature of politics.

Marshall is quotable. In part 2, "When Shrimps Learn to Whistle," he says that *peaceful co-existence* "reflects the Soviet Union's dislike of the Cold War—its preference for prevailing unopposed." Later on, in discussing the Stalinist succession, he notes that the actors felt called upon to disavow their own actions under Stalin. "Doing this was risky. Having formerly avowed fealty to Stalin, Communist regimes elsewhere now faced embarrassment in having to take it all back while still professing to be infallible."

*The Cold War* also clarifies the Sino-Soviet relationship: ". . . the Soviet Union has not owned to any intention to put aside its Marxist-Leninist aims. It has not split with China on *whether* to press them; it vies with China on *how* to press them." It notes that Khrushchev "assumed pliable adversaries—an idea hard for China's rulers to accept," and China's "rulers did not owe their place to Stalin. In their view, their regime was on at least an equal footing."

The shift of Communist interest to the Third World, once the West had achieved a politically impregnable position, is well though briefly treated. There is too little mention of the U.S. role in hasty decolonization, and the Congo disaster is omitted—perhaps for reasons of space.

Three of the conclusions to which *The Cold War* leads, by inference, may be noted: 1) Sino-Soviet competition advances Communism, just as any competition tends to improve performance; 2) the United States, still stuck with an inadequate and eroding "containment" policy, further diluted by a wish to establish universal human equality, is almost certain to thrash around like a whale in shallow waters; and 3) there doesn't seem to be anything to do about it aside from stating the dilemma in unambiguous terms. Marshall has done this. The problem can now be understood by anyone who chooses to examine it.

*Beyond the Cold War* begins by saying that "the language and ideas of the Cold War are no longer adequate as a guide to international politics today." Shulman's meaning is clarified later when he says: "A more open and trusting [U.S.] policy [might] have moved the Soviet leadership to find its own self-interest in somewhat greater cooperation."

The first chapter, "Retrospect," tries to summarize the relevant factors in Soviet-American relations since 1945, but merely proves distracting because no recognizable position is stated. The platitudes of the literature are in tandem with absurdities. For example, the "trauma" of the Hiss, Fuchs, and Gouzenko cases was a product of a "climate of anxiety." This statement rebuts itself because it doesn't look right until the terms are transposed —"a climate of anxiety was a product of the cases." Two remarkable posi-

*The Cold War,* by Charles Burton Marshall. Franklin Watts, $2.65

*Beyond the Cold War,* by Marshall D. Shulman. Yale, $3.75; paper, $1.25



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tions taken in the chapter are worth noting. 1) "Zhdanov . . . a narrow and dogmatic man" is held responsible for the Cominform, oppressive Soviet operations in Eastern Europe, the Czech coup, and the struggle for the control of Germany. Shulman admits that "it cannot be proved," but presumably he needs a scapegoat for the Soviet Cold War policies. Once Zhdanov had been executed, the USSR was purged of error, or so Shulman suggests. 2) Korea, says Shulman, was "understood in the West, and I believe wrongly, as an indication of heightened Soviet militancy," rather than as a local Asian affair. He also states that Korea was the cause of "Western mobilization," although, as a member of Acheson's staff, he *must* have known that increases in Western military forces had been decided upon by the National Security Council in the September preceding Korea.

Chapter 2, "The Changing Terrain of International Politics," is in considerable part a tautology—it argues self-evident propositions and beats a number of dead horses. It also argues that the *nature* of the bipolar confrontation has fundamentally changed because some of the conditions have changed. This is logical? Logic falters again in Chapter 3, "Transformations in the Soviet System," which exhumes an old conceit of Walt W. Rostow, i.e. the embourgeoisification of the Soviet state. This old chestnut may derive in part from equating a *bureaucracy* and a *bourgeoisie*, but this notion is defective linguistically as well as historically. The notion also appears to rest on the presence of material comforts and luxuries, although these are invariable perquisites of persons who hold irresponsible power. The chapter does demonstrate one thing—the occupational hazards of a "Soviet expert": it seems almost impossible to read *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and the *Problems* journals without disabling effects.

Chapter 4, "The Evolution of Soviet Foreign Policy," attempts to show that a change in degree is a change in kind, i.e. now that the Soviet bear is older, it is a different animal. With Chapter 5, "A Shift in Emphasis," a sea-change is proposed in U.S. policy, in which "day-to-day decisions . . . should be shaped by an ever-present consciousness of how *we would like to see* the relationship move over the longer period" (italics added). The Politics of Hope?

There is no way to compare or contrast these two books. Marshall has provided the public with a comprehensive and understandable account of the Cold War, while Shulman has succeeded in making the past incomprehensible. The difference is like that between reflection and dreaming, or between MacArthur and Walter Mitty. Marshall takes a Burkean view of time and his rooted position in the present is a function both of his understanding of the past and his insight into the future; he is also free of devil theories.

Shulman's book has its uses, however. I know of no easier way to obtain access to the mind of Liberal man than to read *Beyond the Cold War*. It is, in my view, much superior in this respect to the recent State of the Union message. The primitivism of Babeuf comes through in a much more sophisticated way in Shulman than in LBJ.

In one sense, then, these two books represent an historic conjuncture—we have Burke and Babeuf back again in the classic relation, the conservative and the Jacobin.

# 'The Fault, Dear Brutus . . .'

THOMAS MOLNAR

There are many ways of recording the agony of Western civilization: science fiction is one, the Orwellian prediction is another, and socio-economic analyses of a Marxist character are yet a third. All these forms are violent in their own way, and thus adopt the style they denounce; they belong to this age as symptoms belong to illness.

Russell Kirk's approach is gentle in comparison, detached and didactic.

*The Intemperate Professor*, by Russell Kirk. Louisiana State, $5.00

I suspect part of his success with the public lies in his calm temper and non-vituperative language. People feel that here is a real conservative, not a radical of any sort, not even a radical rightist. The title of the present book is, they probably think, a contradiction.

Yet it offers a fundamental critique. Freud and Marx (and Sartre and Mannheim, etc.) have spoiled us with their insistence that no psychological or social analysis is complete without peeling off common sense and rationality layer after layer. What we find under the Ego, or the superstructure of respectability or ideology, is, according to them, the real reality, even though the profane may not recognize it. The profane, indeed, accept the conclusion because they stand in awe before the Expert, distrusting their own eyes rather than contradict him.

Kirk, it seems to me, is not tempted by this microscopic view of men and institutions. He is confident that we *can* know physical things and social phenomena without making them wither in the cognitive process. He does not try to simplify in the manner of laboratory social scientists, who apply to man what they learn about rats, and he writes effortlessly where others use jargon. In the present volume are collected essays published over the years, as well as some new ones. Put together between two covers and skilfully edited, they acquire unity as studies criticizing a certain form of culture.

There is considerable courage in writing about institutions, individuals, groups, or notions like wealth and beauty as they appear on the level of observation, or as, in the light of events, they live and die. It is the very opposite of the fashionable method; it starts from the singular and the conscious, and its criterion is the traditionally accepted rational standard. Of course, it is less spectacular than the bulky studies devoted today to all problems from civil rights to the spanking of children. On Kirk's pages we do not read of hidden historical forces, of collectively reacting classes, of social determinism or the ever-present subconscious. We read of people and institutions as bearers of culture, hence as responsible agents. If there is decadence, Kirk implies, we need



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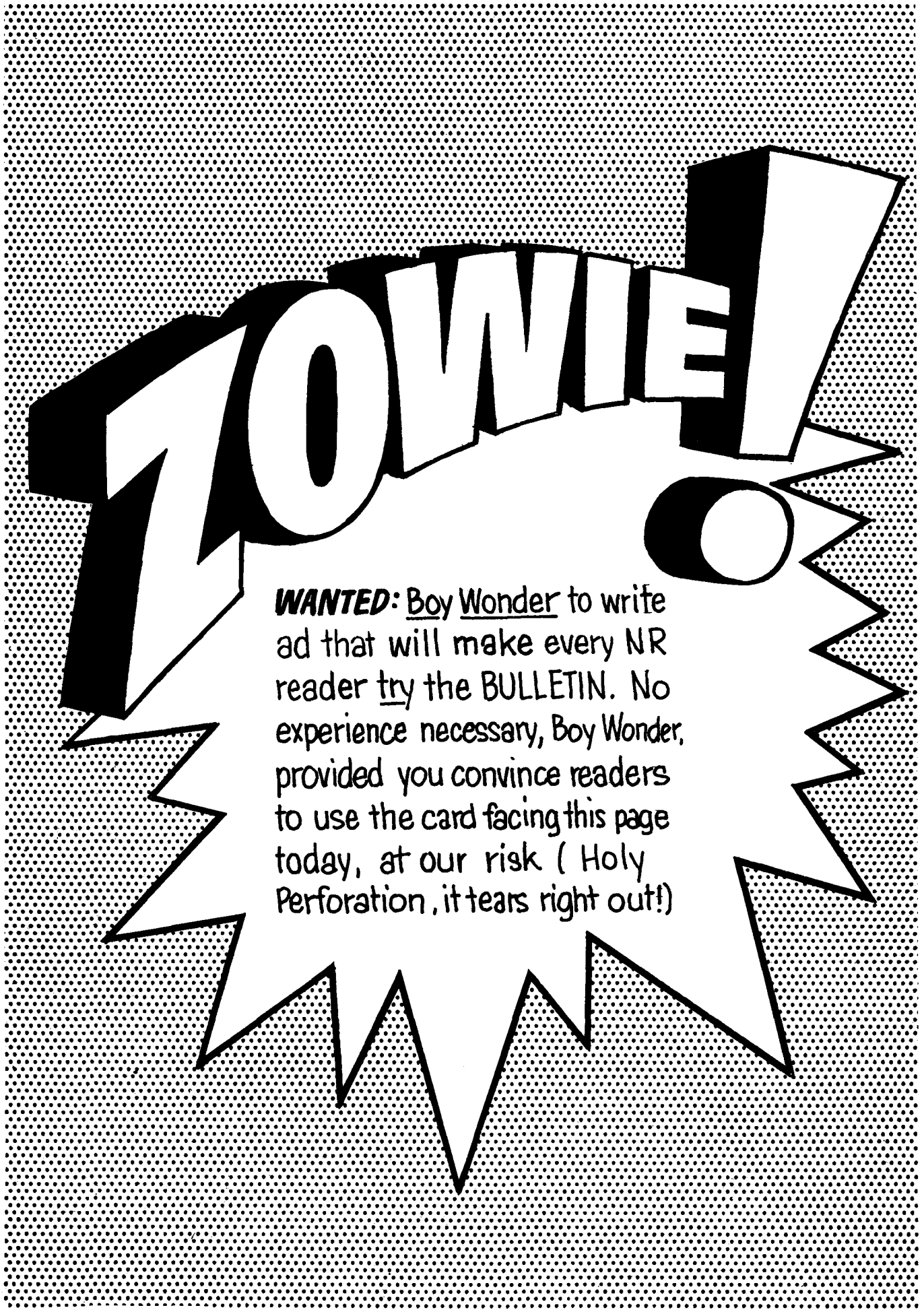
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not look for hidden sociological poisons, but for conscious individuals who make the wrong decisions or for institutions that fail in their tasks.

The essays in this book are, indeed, devoted to the ultimate guarantors of civilization: the church, the school, the integrity of teachers, the creators and patrons of culture, the humane milieu, the businessmen trading goods, and the purveyors of the more subtle products of the mind. When Kirk describes the conformist clergymen or the "inhumane businessmen" (come to think of it, they're much the same!), his concern is not with a class but with a cultural type, not with an abstraction determined by "factors," but with men too indolent to live outside the mould. The cumulative effect is a quiet but persistent critique of the prevailing ideology. Not so much a radical critique in the sense of exposing the roots, as one proceeding by description of the Liberal environment in its poverty of imagination, its oversimplifications—and its victims.

AN EXAMPLE MR. KIRK would no doubt have included in his essay on "the indispensable patron," had he known about it, is the present controversy between Mr. Huntington Hartford and the successive mayors of New York. The millionaire Maecenas, who built the beautiful Gallery of Modern Art on Columbus Circle, made an offer years ago to build a cafe at the entrance to Central Park. His aim, apparently, is to transform Columbus Circle into a kind of Place de l'Etoile, with commanding perspectives and a pleasant combination of the elements that make a city both beautiful and comfortable. Mr. Lindsay is the latest to reject the plan, although one suspects he has enough taste to like it. One suspects also that he would approve the construction of some monstrosity, provided Foundations and Committees proposed it. Mr. Hartford was told that his millions might be better spent on an "eating place" in the park, plus a number of "pocket playgrounds" in the city's depressed areas.

For such ills, for the invasion of bad taste astride the bureaucratic Leviathan, Kirk offers no remedies; hence he and his fellow conservatives are labeled "negative" or "cynical." He could, of course, suggest calling together a Super-Committee with names approved by Harvard, the White House, and the *New York Post*. But the cure would be worse than the disease. Indeed, government, stifling the last free manifestations of the spirit, is setting up in quick succession its frightening culture-machines, the various councils on art, science, humanities, education, and what not. I need not stress that this

## Books Abroad

● NR IN THE NEWS: Conservative points of view as represented by *NR* and its writers gradually filtering through into English scene. *Times Literary Supplement* referring to attacks on President Kennedy said: "Of course there was a great deal of difference between the polemics of the NATIONAL REVIEW and the pathological and scatological tracts against first President Kennedy and then the future President Johnson put out by the very broad lunatic fringe of the American Right." William Buckley's attack on the American Establishment, the *TLS* noted, was on a very different level from that of the late Senator McCarthy, and went on to point out that Liberal panic over "McCarthyism" was "always exaggerated and sometimes exaggerated for propaganda purposes. As a veteran fighter for free speech and civil rights put it recently: 'Never have so many people shouted so loudly that they were being gagged.'"

In article on literary criticism in U.S. the *TLS* recently counted *NR*'s Hugh Kenner among "the giants" of the previous era in criticism. He has emerged, the journal says, "as a committed right-wing spokesman" connected with "William Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW." . . . The *TLS* has reviewed Russell Kirk's *The Intemperate Professor* under "Dissent from the Right." Professor Kirk "finds much wrong with the American scene, especially with the American academic scene, but his criticisms are usually sensible, if one-sided; there is little or no malice." Even if "one of the small body of distinguished academics" who supported Senator Goldwater, Kirk's "heart and head are, on the whole, on the right side." Article goes on to note "intolerance of 'Liberals' in university circles in America" and ends: "America needs dissenters, even from the Right—or especially from the Right."

● SUPERNATURAL TALE: When a British TV company recently announced a series of "tales of the supernatural," the authors—Sheridan Le Fanu, M. R. James, Vernon Lee, J. H. Riddell and Margaret Oliphant—received from Writers Guild a letter pointing out how much the Guild had done to raise payments to writers and suggesting membership. The letters were, alas, a little late: Le Fanu died 1873, Oliphant 1897, Riddell 1906, James and Lee in 1936.

● TRINITY TO BE EXPLAINED: Dr. Geoffrey Parrinder in his book *Jesus in the Qur'an* (Faber, 32/6d) says, "The doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ must be re-stated in modern terms, for they are partly unintelligible, and so irrelevant to modern thinking, as traditionally stated." We can hardly wait for Dr. Parrinder's next book.

● BREVIORA: *Letters of Dylan Thomas,* edited by Constantine FitzGibbon to be published during 1966, probably in 2 vols, about 50/- each. . . . Correspondence between Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Helene von Nostitz published by Fischer Verlag, Frankfort (DM 18). . . . *Shadows of the Sun,* hitherto unpublished journals written by American Harry Crosby in Paris during the twenties to be published soon by Alan Ross, London. . . . John Prebble's *Glencoe,* to be published soon by Secker & Warburg of London (42/-) shows that the massacre of the MacDonalds by the Campbells at Glencoe in 1692 was a deliberate act of genocide. "You are hereby ordered to . . . put all to the sword under seventy" ran the order to Robert Campbell. . . . Good reviews in London for *Brave New Victuals* (An Inquiry into Modern Food Production) by *NR*'s Elspeth Huxley (published by Chatto & Windus, 21/-).



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is a way of accelerating decadence, not of stopping it. I range myself on the side of Kirk and the "cynics": "When the faith and the institutions of society which nurtured beauty are fallen into disuse, neither money nor governmental decree can revive beauty."

## *Fiction*

# A Round of the Same

GUY DAVENPORT

ON AN AFTERNOON in the late autumn of the Empire which we associate with the most strenuous propriety that the English, a proper people, have yet achieved, we could have found at a tea table in London a sight that would have given Victoria the vapors. The tea was proper enough; but the company was Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and George Eliot, and with them Dickens' mistress, Collins' mistress and La Eliot's lover. Just a few years before, the Duke of Wellington, honest old solider that he was, arrived at his mistress's apartments in a coach that all London knew; they also knew that it was none of their business what the Iron Duke was about. Things have gone underground since.

Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest, writers at large, have collaborated on a farce about the amorous deviousness of the English of today. Of the proper English, rather. The novel concerns a group of like-minded gentlemen who form a society for the pursuit of whatever it is they pursue (we are never told). The ruse is Egyptology, and the comedy is generated in keeping the ruse's face on; obviously it must slip at every turn of the page. This Cold War Pickwick Society is drawn with just enough verve to keep its phlegmatic subject from sinking out of sight as we read. There are comic moments that keep the book from total silliness, as when a member becomes genuinely interested in Egyptology and is thereby disgraced, and when the head of the Vice Squad joins the society in the course of investigating it. But the joke is hard to keep alive and for the most part we are kept reading solely to discover just what the Egyptologists are up to. Once we discover that we aren't going to be told, we have the choice of savoring a joke too subtle to have a punch line or of realizing that we've been had. I suspect that wispy giggles of this sort will be interesting about fifty years hence, when the critics can imagine that there was an audience for it, and be curious about the audience.

*The Egyptologists*, by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Random House, $4.95

*The Comedians*, by Graham Greene. Viking, $5.75

*Helmet and Wasps*, by Michael Mott. Houghton Mifflin, $3.95

HAS IT BEEN NOTICED yet by students of heredity that Graham Greene is a distant cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson? Greene has been taken for many things in his career—Catholic apologist, philosopher, anatomist of the age of fear—yet his surest virtue is that of his cousin, the ability to tell better than anyone else in the running a tale of suspense and adventure. Like Cousin Robert, he has a conscience, a soft spot for the underdog and the drifting, and an eye for the grotesque, especially when it is the very picture of evil. And like Stevenson he is a good man; he knows goodness when he meets it as surely as he knows evil. Beyond the entertainment of the whopping fine plots and the romantic settings, the pleasure of reading Greene is in the fact that he is almost exclusively interested (as we, at all times among people) in whether his characters are good or bad, and if good, how long they can manage to keep it up. Greene considers too the cost of being good; in an evil world there always is a cost. Hence his predilection for terrible places, for here goodness is always hard and often folly.

In *The Comedians* (a weak title: he means the rôles we have to play), the setting is the Haiti of Papa Duvalier and his secret police, the Tontons



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Macoute. The hero is, as usual, uncommitted; he is an English hotel keeper. Around him we find assembled an array of soldiers of fortune, innocent American vegetarians, Haitians in rebellion against Duvalier, and many helpless characters whose interest is only to stay alive in a hostile society. Greene, as always, writes as if he were telling a movie (and indeed the movie people bought the novel before publication and were already in Haiti doing local shots by the time review copies were in the mail), playing every scene along its false trail until the surprise jumps up, as gratifying as Friday's footprint in the sand.

Greene can be superb with the helpless and the childlike, and he has created for this novel of violence two of his finest characters: the Vegetarian Presidential Candidate and his wife, two American innocents devoted to good works. They move through Greene's pages with a purity that is both comic and admirable, and it is the measure of Greene's humanity that they become heroic in stature. The rest of the characters are merely anxious and confused, but they act out a whacking good adventure story, worthy of Cousin Robert at his best.

*Helmet and Wasps* is the second novel of Michael Mott, a young English writer of considerable talent. He has written an old-fashioned novel that is deceptively quiet of tone. We are allowed to read the notebooks of a Wehrmacht officer who has been wounded in the North African campaign and has been given an insignificant post in Italy. The war is far away; he has only a handful of troops. He falls into an easy, idyllic life at his command-post villa. Slowly small problems creep in from the outside, mere distractions in the routine, until, with great skill, Mr. Mott gathers up these carefully dropped clues, develops them at breath-taking acceleration, and creates a climax of extraordinary violence. To have guessed in such detail the problems of a German officer at the edge of the war is no small feat, and to have made believable the psychology of his brusque, Teutonic notes required mature skill.

THE NOVEL is an art that paradoxically thrives on tradition; what has been done and established is what it can do best. There is nothing at all new in these three English novels. They are as tidy and well done as all English art, and we can say of them that they tread water well. But standing still is, as the proverb says, going backwards, and it is easy to see that each of these novels is actually a watering down of solider works before them. Dickens and Jerome K. Jerome have studied the shy Englishman adventuring in committee (*The Egyptologists* is a sick version of *Three Men on the Bummel*). Stevenson and Conrad wrote Graham Greene's novels first, and Mr. Mott's novel in diary form has been a mold for fiction since Defoe. In England tradition has always looked after itself.

# Litmus Paper of the Mind

GARRY WILLS

If Sappho did not exist, we would have to invent her. In fact, we have. This explains why there are a thousand Sapphos, each less likely (and more necessary) than the next. There is the strenuously heterosexual

*Sappho, Poems and Fragments* by Guy Davenport. University of Michigan, $3.95

performer of Greek comedy and of John Donne; the equally hard-working homosexual of Martial and Swinburne; and, dancing back and forth over the dividing line, Ovid's ambidextrous heroine. Then there is the Girl Scout of chivalrous German scholars like Welcker, Wilamowitz and Schadewalt, men who try to make her a Beatrice and succeed only in making her their Dulcinea. She is a litmus paper of the mind, an instrument of men's self-revelation; as such, reduced to a curious neutrality the more she is used to test different eras and *mores*. The more said about her, the more we know about the speaker, and the less we know about her. Her "historians" have almost entirely erased her history. ➔


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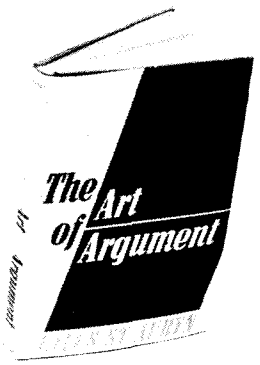


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Her name drifted very early far apart from her reality. She was absorbed into the myth of Phaon, a beautifully impotent boy-lover like Adonis. She took her place in line for the leap from that high white cliff which symbolized, for the Greeks, the last eminence of clarity from which one plunges into despair. She was, for them, love's Icarus, lifted high to her doom. This first stage of her myth has nothing to do with homosexuality. Apart from one ambiguous reference in Anacreon, the ancient Greeks show no interest in Lesbian girls as exemplars of "Lesbianism" in the modern sense. Galen mentions Lesbians as the type of a perversion—but it is a reference to *fellatio,* which, with medical utilitarianism, he prefers to cunnilinguism.

So much for the Greeks (discounting late authors of the *Anthology*). The Romans were less lenient toward homosexuality, and therefore more interested in it. Our Sappho is largely Ovid's—a woman delicately balancing love for a boy-girl (Phaon) against a hundred girl-boys in Lesbos. In one way or another, people have been fiddling with those scales ever since Ovid wrote. But Professor Davenport, luckily, does not play by these rules. He says little about Sappho's cultural milieu—for the very good reason that we know little or nothing about it. He is interested in the poems—in their omnipresent flowers, and girls, and pain. His introduction is therefore as good as his translation—and the two together are the best of their kind that we have.

But he has his faults. As was inevitable, this talented amateur gives many hostages to the professionals—not only schoolboy errors (like the confusion of the Greek words for "empty" and for "that"), but some unnecessary extravagances, like the attack on "nineteenth-century editors" which dwindles to a criticism of J. M. Edmonds, who died in 1959. Apart from the howlers, there are understandable errors—deciphering Sappho's exiguous remains is a far more difficult task than he seems to realize, certainly more difficult than he makes it in his introduction. Take all this—or most of it—as inevitable. What remains?

Denys Page says that, despite the papyrus finds of this century, our basic estimate of Sappho must rest on the two main poems known for centuries from the indirect tradition. If that is the test, then Davenport passes with highest marks on the first item:

*God's wildering daughter deathless Aphródita,*
*A whittled perplexity your bright abstruse chair . . .*

This is the best English version ever made of Sappho's most complete and important poem. But on the second item his score is not so good. When Sappho says her heart is stirred in her chest, each word is obscured by its antiquity, but one thing is clear—the heroic tone of the phrase as a whole, a staid and traditional quality. It is the kind of phrase Homer could use of Penelope. Davenport's "stings my breasts" looks more to Swinburne's "Anactoria" than to Sappho's own fragments.

But Page was too severe. There are other key fragments, and on many of them Davenport aims his English dead center. If one reads the poems numbered, in this edition, 1, 2, 5, 6, 14, 49, 65, 73, 79, 103, 106, 116, 121, he will get the best and most accurate echo in English of the pungent yet evanescent Sapphic melodiousness. Here, as in his Archilochus volume, Davenport trades on a spurious taste for the fragmentary as such, making a virtue out of something alien to Greek taste and theory. But this approach helps fill the volume


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(with gems like #197—"Soda"). And if this was needed to get the serious translations out in an impressive form, then I suppose it is worth it. Paper is cheap, and the poems I list above are worth the $3.95 any day.

## *Movies*

# Olivier's Othello

HUGH KENNER

We have the book of words to *Othello,* not the play. And we guard it as, in 2300 A.D., some museum might guard the shooting script of *City Lights,* a work of the celebrated Chaplin, though the work itself (committed to acetate) was destroyed in the Scythian raids of the late twentieth century.

We do well to guard our book, as the only clue to Shakespeare's intentions we have. Its words cohere, certainly, an intricate expressive fabric. But we have not the actors moving, have little clue to the rituals of their moving (what does "Enter Othello and attendants" mean?), have no idea even how black the Moor was painted. People knew such things as late as 1670, but dimly, dimly; no one had seen them since the late 1640s, before the Puritans closed the theaters and kept them closed long enough for the tradition to die. It is one of the most tantalizing omissions in history, that no Londoner, confronted by the new indoor stage of Charles II, with its proscenium arch, was moved to write down how things were once done out of doors on the apron stage with boy-women and upper platforms, in the time of James or Charles I. No one; not any one; or if anyone did, his journal has not survived. And we are totally ignorant.

We know as little about Othello the play, the theatrical reality that engaged Shakespeare's attention, as we do about the plays witnessed by Aeschylus. In some ways less; we can inspect ruined Greek theaters, which were of stone, but not wooden O's, which were straw-thatched and vulnerable to fire, and seemed anyhow no more worth preserving in the time of Wren's urban renewal than so many burlesque houses. And yet people lived, once, in the Age of Shakespeare. None of them knew it.

A book of words, then, and the need to cobble up something, so much have we learned to venerate those words. Having no firm stage conventions, we cobble with an eye on the surface realities of our time. Sir Laurence Olivier cobbled up an Othello from close observation of West Indian bus conductors, confronted daily in London: how they walk, how their shoulders shrug, how their eyes shift. What he created—a feat of mimicry—has been recorded on film. And the book of words keeps colliding with it.

*Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.* There, for once, we can feel confident in extrapolating from the words something of the Moor's bearing, something of the quality of his confrontation with choleric burghers, stalking about in a torch-light posse, who suppose that bare steel (which scares footpads)


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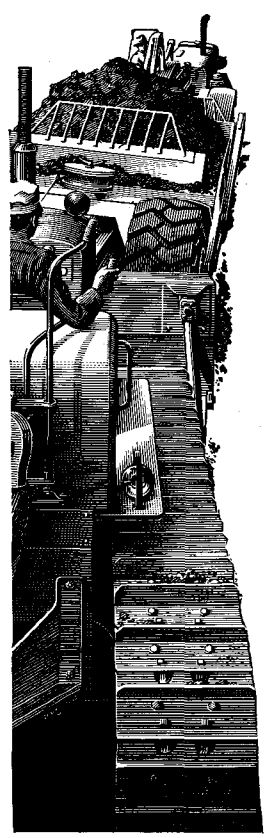

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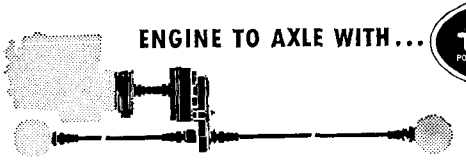

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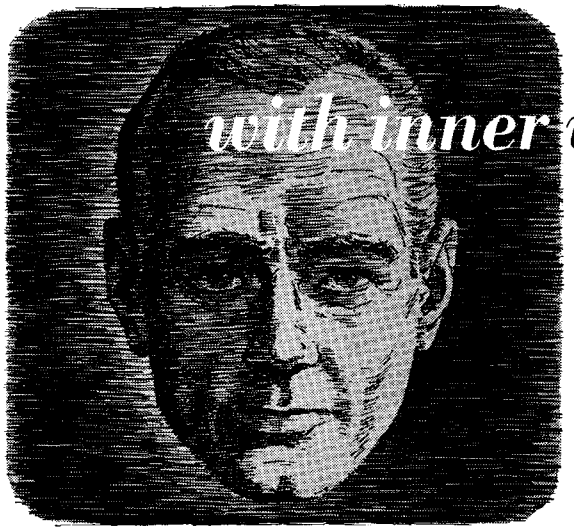

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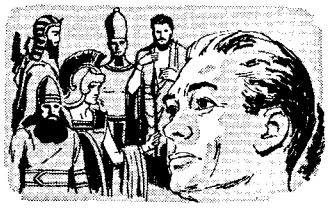

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will *a fortiori* scare anyone who has offended the marital decorums of Venice. Their weapons, this tough professional weapon-man implies, are only for show, jealously shined.

*Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.* It is the born commander's instant seizing of initiative. *He* is advising *them* on the one thing (he hints) they are born to care about: polish. It is not a line to be slurred out, from depths of offhand contempt, by a shambling Calypso dandy sniffing at a rose, serene in his inbred disdain for the ofay. Olivier's leisurely Jamaican, secure in the *otherness* of his every governing rhythm, might indeed conceive such a taunt, but his cadence would not have accommodated the word "bright." "Put them away, they'll get rusty," that would be more his style.

And style is all important; it is his style that isolates Othello from the real world, where one does not smother one's wife on the evidence of a handkerchief. What encapsulates the Moor Shakespeare envisioned is his ideal conception of military worth. Command, the drum, the tented field, the automatic quailing of the unqualified before his eye, these are the absolutes which prevent him from supposing he may be mistaken. Olivier's black man is shut off from men by something James Baldwin's contemporaries understand much better, a self-hypnotizing assurance that the white establishment is too trivial to worry about. He comes on stage a Black Narcissus, toying with that rose, a being of exquisite sensibility. He walks like a hyperextended cat; he croons, he mutters; he talks much to himself, a-quiver with instinctive style, amid the style, amid the styleless. Nothing will shake him and the security of his black otherness modulates rapidly to hysteria. It is a coherent conception, achieved with awesome attention to minutiae: if only the book of words did not interfere.

For the book of words (to take one example) posits his stature as supreme commander, in which capacity he has chosen a subordinate (Cassio) to the displeasure of another subordinate (Iago). But clearly the mental processes of the supreme commander did not engage Olivier's attention, though he permits the plot its ration of military fancy-dress. So he saw no reason why his Cassio should not be played as a fop no commander would



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have put in charge of the regimental Dixie-cups.

This is a major warp. Separate speeches, in the latter part of the play, make cumulative minor warps, bunching up like the rug that won't let the door close. This difficulty Olivier has coped with by arranging to shriek them, mutter them, syncopate their cadences, swallow their key phrases, and otherwise render them inaudible, so clearing the boards for as extraordinary a demonstration of sheer psychic power as actor has ever projected or film recorded. His jealous rages would be electrifying had the accompanying words been Swahili; and they might almost as well be.

One envies, say, a Ukrainian audience, for whom the voice would be mouthing senseless ululations, the sense meanwhile roughly graphed by brief subtitles. *They* would see the performance Olivier designed. We English-speakers can't. We keep being distracted by snatches of the quite unsuitable words, the words of William Shakespeare, unexorcisable, distracting us like a murdered father's ghost drifted in from a different play.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

MOSCOW SUMMER, by Mihajlo Mihajlov (Farrar, $4.50). Mihajlo Mihajlov wrote *Moscow Summer* in 1964, after a tour of the Soviet Union. Parts of it were published in an obscure Yugoslavian literary magazine in the waning days of the year. The articles would have gone unnoticed but for the arrest of Mihajlov by order of President Tito for embarrassing the Kremlin. Why *Moscow Summer* should have caused a real, though brief, sensation in the West remains a mystery. For Comrade Mihajlov has written little that was not known before by any visitor to Moscow not riveted to the Soviet line. There is, it is true, a considerable amount of literary chit-chat, with references to past and present Russian writers, playwrights, and poets—keyed to their position in present-day Soviet society. There are some moving pages on the literature of the Soviet slave labor camps. For the most part, too, the autobiographical approach makes warm and credible what emerges from other typewriters in the horrible


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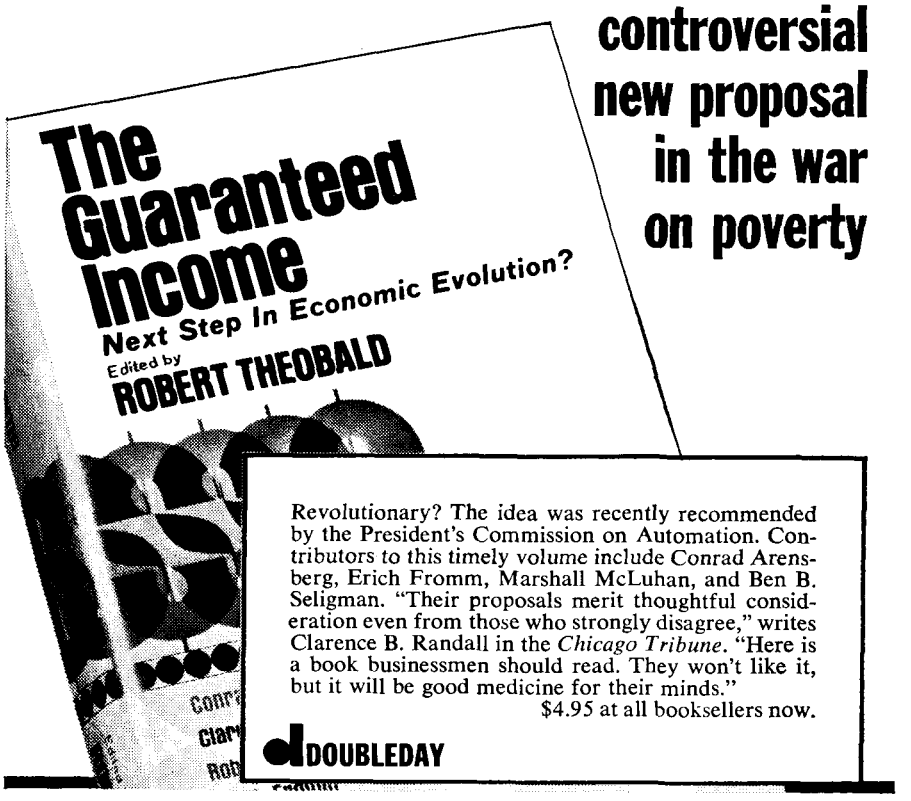


Revolutionary? The idea was recently recommended by the President's Commission on Automation. Contributors to this timely volume include Conrad Arensberg, Erich Fromm, Marshall McLuhan, and Ben B. Seligman. "Their proposals merit thoughtful consideration even from those who strongly disagree," writes Clarence B. Randall in the *Chicago Tribune*. "Here is a book businessmen should read. They won't like it, but it will be good medicine for their minds."
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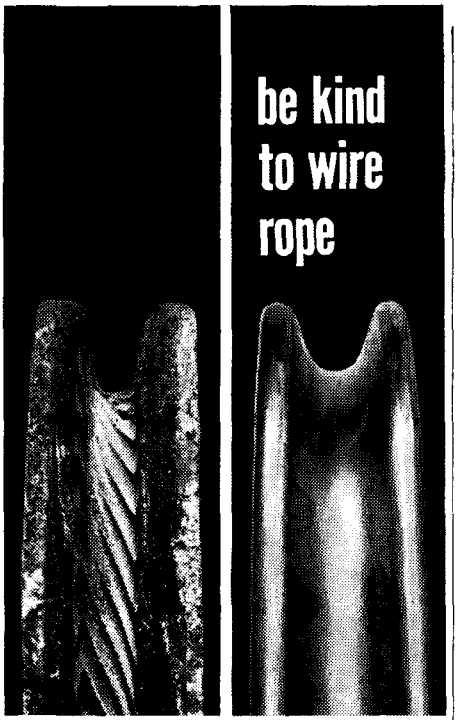


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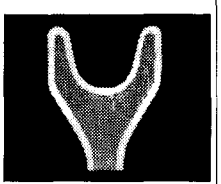

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greys and blacks of journalistic accounts. This personal quality, interestingly enough, makes the book more valuable for those of us who have actually seen Moscow than it must for the general reader. There was much we could only guess at because of the removal of language and culture. We saw Soviet life and we had valid insights about it, but we could not participate in its talk and its activities as Mihajlov did during his Soviet trip. The chapter on the *homo sovieticus* rings true, despite occasional flights of naiveté which lift Mihajlov's words above what his eyes had seen.

R. DE TOLEDANO

TOWARD A THEORY OF INSTRUCTION, by Jerome S. Bruner (Harvard, $3.95). The author of the present volume, Jerome Bruner, is a man of great reputation; his writings have been likened to those of John Dewey, no less an authority than Paul Goodman having placed him in the same class as the late and very influential Father of Progressive Education. But John Dewey was a philosopher of sorts; Dr. Bruner is, at very best —and I make room for all possible hyperbole—an educationist. Nevertheless, as the Director of the Center for Cognitive Studies at Harvard, and as a man whose books have been widely read and reviewed, Bruner exerts an influence which, while not on the same scale as Dewey's, is recognizable and profound. He has long been "struck by the absence of a theory of instruction as a guide to pedagogy," and this latest effort, while being far from conclusive, is an attempt, via an analysis of intellectual development (the "science of growth") and pedagogical techniques, to move toward such a theory. In order to learn more about instruction (". . . the transmission of . . . skills, values, style, technology, and wisdom . . ."), he has spent many hours viewing uncut films of baboons (especially infant baboons), studied the Bushmen of Kalahari, worked directly with the Wolof of Senegal, wandered from (as one of his more parochial colleagues put it) "Widener to Wichita," read many books on "primitive children" in such diverse places as Liberia and Alaska, and written the eight *gropings* that are the chapters of this book. He has not given us his comprehensive "theory of instruction"; there are still not enough data for such an undertaking. Yet his examinations of the learning process, although they are not definitive, are well-written and without the usual jargon of educationist psychology. P. P. WITONSKI

EZRA POUND: PERSPECTIVE, edited by Noel Stock (Regnery, $5.95). Men of good will everywhere will wish Pound many happy, unharried returns as he enters his 80th year. Fifteen literary lights of good will do their wishing in this diverting miscellany, admirably edited by Noel Stock. Contributions range from solidly scholarly (Hugh Kenner's essay on Pound's work as "mimetic homage") through amiably chatty (Conrad Aiken on being friends and enemies with Pound) to slightly silly (a long piece on the writer's search for a concert program for which Pound did some translations in 1910—"I passed an almost sleepless night and with difficulty restrained myself from going to Wigmore Street before I could be reasonably sure that the manager would be there . . ."). The collection is on the whole less twittery and insy-groupsy than most *Festschriften;* best contribution is from Marianne Moore, who says most of what needs saying in four amiable lines. Included is a bouquet of letters to Pound from departed literary giants, and there are numerous illustrations of Pound and Poundians. C. H. SIMONDS

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 8)

Norm Miller

NEW YORK NEWS COLUMN

For all of Leo's nastiness, he doesn't hold grudges. Best description I ever heard of him was this: If I shoved him into a lake and you rescued him from drowning, we'd both start off even in Leo's estimation the next day. When baseball men talk about Durocher, there is no middle ground.



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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Type of fastening | 122 168 74 155 |
| B. Dentistry dealing with irregularity of the teeth | 126 120 32 143 40 162 48 103 174 2 151 |
| C. Quality Republicans admire in a president | 137 35 210 85 66 17 201 172 |
| D. Religion of Haitian negroes | 100 71 91 41 95 108 123 125 20 |
| E. One of Mary Morse Baker's husbands | 183 166 191 9 |
| F. Lotteries | 185 33 57 109 3 192 175 |
| G. A South American (not Tibetan) ruminant | 214 4 42 25 44 |
| H. What people who don't want to swear do | 75 5 93 21 86 49 |
| I. Name of a bay, Australia | 72 77 99 7 59 142 144 50 154 202 138 186 212 |
| J. Given to disputation | 87 170 51 22 34 156 124 |
| K. What many politicians suffer from, even without reflection | 116 81 180 127 163 89 193 177 206 67 |
| L. Texas city which is near another large city | 159 60 195 36 1 68 204 52 173 |
| M. Lubricant container (2 wds.) | 200 90 8 121 115 18 |
| N. Small fragments | 213 26 104 61 117 92 53 38 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. One not professionally in army or navy | 47 62 164 128 179 132 27 118 |
| P. The upper regions of space | 58 130 189 101 69 |
| Q. Emphasized form of the pronoun for the first person singular | 96 16 182 63 139 203 |
| R. The modern magi (with fewer real gifts) | 190 78 98 148 129 119 10 64 |
| S. Stupid persons | 45 11 188 112 54 65 88 |
| T. Lake on boundary between Peru and Bolivia | 113 79 133 165 197 111 209 149 |
| U. English novelist and dramatist | 14 152 145 176 105 70 169 43 141 150 158 55 |
| V. A howling practiced when non-doglovers are trying to sleep | 6 178 167 82 97 153 134 29 106 |
| W. Pellucid | 76 181 187 207 199 23 |
| X. Languor that overcomes Scotchmen in the presence of their sweethearts | 110 157 12 135 160 107 196 46 24 |
| Y. An organ of response | 37 136 211 208 80 194 114 30 |
| Z. Two cities in England, one in Berkshire and one in Hampshire | 39 216 131 184 13 94 146 |
| a. A traveler's guidebook or outline of a route | 73 147 171 161 15 83 215 102 140 |
| b. Something laid up as the beginning of a fund (2 wds.) | 28 84 31 198 205 19 56 |

See page 284 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

**DIRECTIONS**

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 L | 2 B | 3 F | 4 G | 5 H | 6 V | 7 I | 8 M | 9 E | | 10 R | 11 S | 12 X | 13 Z | 14 U | 15 a | 16 Q |
| 17 C | 18 M | 19 b | | 20 D | 21 H | 22 J | 23 W | 24 X | 25 G | 26 N | 27 O | 28 b | 29 V | 30 Y | | 31 b |
| 32 B | 33 F | 34 J | 35 C | 36 L | 37 Y | 38 N | | 39 Z | 40 B | 41 D | 42 G | 43 U | | 44 G | 45 S | 46 X |
| | 47 O | 48 B | 49 H | 50 I | 51 J | 52 L | 53 N | 54 S | 55 U | 56 b | | 57 F | 58 P | 59 I | 60 L | 61 N |
| 62 O | 63 Q | 64 R | | 65 S | 66 C | 67 K | 68 L | 69 P | 70 U | 71 D | 72 I | | 73 a | 74 A | | 75 H |
| | 76 W | 77 I | 78 R | 79 T | 80 Y | 81 K | 82 V | | 83 a | 84 b | 85 C | 86 H | 87 J | 88 S | 89 K | 90 M |
| 91 D | 92 N | | 93 H | 94 Z | 95 D | 96 Q | | 97 V | | 98 R | 99 I | 100D | 101P | 102a | 103B | 104N |
| 105U | 106V | 107X | | 108D | 109F | | 110X | 111T | 112S | | 113T | 114Y | | 115M | 116K | |
| 117N | 118O | 119R | 120B | 121M | 122A | 123D | 124J | | 125D | 126B | 127K | 128O | 129R | 130P | 131Z | |
| 132O | 133T | | 134V | 135X | | 136Y | 137C | 138I | 139Q | 140a | | 141U | 142I | | 143B | 144I |
| 145U | 146Z | | 147a | 148R | 149T | 150U | | 151B | | 152U | 153V | 154I | 155A | 156J | 157X | |
| 158U | 159L | | 160X | 161a | 162B | 163K | 164O | 165T | 166E | 167V | 168A | 169U | | 170J | 171a | 172C |
| 173L | 174B | 175F | | 176U | 177K | 178V | 179O | | 180K | 181W | 182Q | 183E | | 184Z | 185F | 186I |
| 187W | | 188S | 189P | 190R | | 191E | 192F | 193K | 194Y | 195L | 196X | 197T | 198b | 199W | 200M | 201C |
| | 202I | 203Q | | 204L | 205b | 206K | 207W | 208Y | 209T | 210C | | 211Y | 212I | 213N | | 214G |
| 215a | 216Z | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |



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## PARADISE

(Continued from p. 272)

have money sent there from their London banks. And there are ways of having the money transferred out of the sterling area.

The boom in Gibraltar started with the development of the Spanish southern coast. Motorists and motor coaches could start and finish their tours there. The recent frontier difficulties with the Spanish authorities have seriously curtailed this trade. But before the troubles had started, the Rock was already launched as a tourist center. It was only a question of speeding up the tempo. Gibraltar has become a very good market for Moroccan produce. It also provides employment for the distressed and dispossessed Tangerinis.

This does not mean that Tangier is any the less pleasant as a place to visit. I spend on an average two months there each year. I am not sure indeed that it is not rather pleasanter without the smugglers and the racketeers. A number of highly agreeable people live there. It is very beautiful, and it has a healthy climate: cool with a hot sun, and a constant breeze to blow away the germs. The authorities are moreover certainly doing their best to repair the damage they have done to its economy, by encouraging the tourist trade. Tangier has good beaches. Its hotels are full in the summer. It is popular as a center for package tours. But that kind of tourist does not spend a great deal of money. From my window at the Velasquez Hotel, I have watched over the last three years the construction of a vast unsightly customs area which is intended to bring trade to the beleaguered city. It may do so. No one can force Tangier's future, but I rather wonder, should a second version of *The Captain's Paradise* be made today, if the flamboyant houri were not better placed in Gibraltar, and Tangier made the home of a demure, submissive spouse.

## GOLLIWOG LOUNGE

(Continued from p. 258)

hard way. And it was good to hear him.

Roger A. Freeman of Stanford had developed this theme also, and James W. Wiggins of Converse College, and Nutter himself. But the moral and legal implications of "civil rights" had not been neglected. For a quiet hour, J. V. Langmead Casserley, of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, had dwelt upon the ethical aspects of the problem; and Ernest van den Haag, of New York University, had expounded the intricate anti-theses of the freedom to associate and the freedom not to associate; and Harry Jaffa of Claremont had compelled a fresh consideration of civil disobedience.

Some of the papers marched with the measured tread of footnotes marching, and some of the papers were wholly impromptu, but they all added a dimension to conservative thought.* These were thinkers, thinking aloud, and for two days we thought with them.

Yet in the end, the great value of the Philadelphia Society's meeting rested in the human impressions men formed of one another—the afternoon's slow sipping at shared ideas, the gossip of old combats, the family jokes; the animated face of Dr. Vivas, the friendly bulk of Hugh Kenner, the quickness of the student guests. Within the conventional framework of the American convention—the annual meeting of Conservative Elks—we met, and touched hands, and broke lances, and tested improbable schemes, and contemplated rumps of gold lamé.

A couple of years ago, I was invited to the annual consistory of a similar Liberal group. It was the same atmosphere precisely, the same sort of papers, the same corridor conversations, almost the same golliwogs, and doubtless it served the same purpose. But today the Liberals are inside looking out, and we are outside looking in, and our need for a common fire to warm the hands by is right now greater than theirs.

*Mr. Kilpatrick's modesty forgets that one of the brightest spots was his own sharp, witty, even-tempered discourse upon the corruption of the law.* —ED.

## TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 247)

factor to the disastrous end of the Great Leap Forward.

It seems to me that dramatic escalation of the war is simply not required. It is true that it is galling in the extreme to watch this war go on and on when, in the words of LeMay, China requires "one Wing in dry weather; two if it's raining"; but I remind you that total victory is not always an unmixed blessing. I, for one, have no desire to be a part of an Army of Occupation in China, and I am afraid it would require one to restore the Kuo-Min-Tang. If China were destroyed as a nation, she would be a great power vacuum; and I can see only one Power which would move to fill it. It will be years before China is a significant threat to the United States, and a small investment in missile defenses will set her back many more years. The Soviet Union, however, can not be destroyed by a couple of Wings; and unlike us, the Soviets are ruthless enough to use an occupied China as an advantage, not view her as a permanent drain of resources. Furthermore, there is one advantage, from our view, of China's intransigence: at least we are not sending her foreign aid!

*Los Angeles, Cal.* J. E. POURNELLE
Dept. of Political Science
Pepperdine College


NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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# For The Record

Rep. Richard Roudebush (R., Ind.) is asking why Gaylord Guy King, 25, under indictment as draft dodger, head of the Indiana U. chapter of the W. E. B. DuBois Club (which Justice Department wants listed as Communist-front) is receiving nearly $5,000 from U.S. Government to pursue his studies under a National Science grant. . . . In contrast, consider conduct of 19-year-old Jackie Robinson Jr., wounded in Vietnam, who asked to be returned to his unit, not home to safety. . . . Even friends of Yale prof. and Hanoi-trekker Staughton Lynd feel his application for membership in W.E.B. DuBois clubs was eensie-weensiely headline-motivated. . . . U.S. maritime union ban on ships trading with Hanoi having some effect. Greek Government ordered all Greek ships trading with North Vietnam to quit same as of March 10. . . . Picket of British consulate in Detroit by energetic right-wing "Breakthrough" group resulted in agreement by Consul L. J. P. J. Craig to pass on criticism of British trading with Hanoi to Her Majesty's government. . . . U.S. Marines, combing out Vietcong tunnels in Danang area, have turned up facsimiles of a peacenik ad that appeared in U.S. papers last fall, signed by Youth Against War and Fascism. It was attached to propaganda addressed to American troops.

Behind new de Gaulle demand for U.S. military retreat in Europe (which Johnson has turned down) is probably this: decision of French President to try to negotiate new Franco-Soviet nonaggression pact on his June trip to Moscow. (The last Franco-Soviet n-a treaty was signed in 1944, when de Gaulle was provisional president.) . . . First poll following Harold Wilson's call for March 31 general election gave Labor Party 12.4 per cent lead over Tories. . . . Among hitches to Wilson's plans to sink Rhodesia, a slowdown by white miners (most of them Rhodesian or South African) in Zambia copper mines. According to "U.S. News" slowdown is costing Zambia $700,000 worth of copper a day.

Political tidbits: Charles Percy, running against Sen. Paul Douglas in Illinois, has alienated good part of his potential GOP supporters even before race is under way. He refuses to say whether or not he voted for Goldwater. . . . Steve Derounian, one of the two N.Y. delegates to San Francisco 1964 convention to go for Barry, and who lost his congressional seat in 1964 blitz, has won support of local GOP leaders in his bid for Republican nomination for his old job. He faces primary fight against William Casey, law partner of

*Daily Mail*, London — Ben Roth Agency

***"First picture from the moon, Comrade."***

onetime GOP kingmaker Leonard Hall. . . . Headstart in Oregon's primary for Senate seat being vacated by Mrs. Maurine Neuberger established by Rep. Robert Duncan, a Democrat who backs LBJ's stand in Vietnam. Expected GOP nominee: Gov. Mark Hatfield.

Good show: The $300,000 which Venezuelan security police lifted from an Italian Communist last summer (who was smuggling it in to Castro guerrillas) has been used to provide pensions, scholarships and other help to relatives of 50 policemen killed by Communist terrorists.



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